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A RAINY DAY.

BY M. D.

Oh, raindrops dripping from the eaves,
Oh, sad wind sighing through the leaves,
Oh, leaden clouds that cover all
O'er hope and joy your shadows fall;
They fall upon my heart to-day,
And peace and quiet flee away.

O'er other scenes the slow rain falls,
To other hearts the soft wind calls:
Oh! lost one does it bring to thee
Regretful memories of me?
As it sweeps o'er thine aching heart
Do ghosts of buried joys upstart
And mock thee with the sad refrain—
Never again! Never again!

Where once we loitered, I alone
Now listen to the sad winds moan,
Echoing from the eternal shore—
Nevermore! Nevermore!

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

QUITE wrong there, Lady Esther," said the man quietly. "If I don't know the whole of the case, I can't form a right judgment as to what is best to be done. But sail on, and I'll keep a quiet tongue till you've finished."

"There seemed an evil genius over my fate," she resumed. "For the first few weeks after my father's death I had remained in complete seclusion, with only the companionship of my chief bridesmaid a girl of Italian origin, who, with her cousin, had been educated in England under the care of their English mother's relations. Giannetta and I had always been close friends, and I now believe that part of my coldness to my betrothed husband was owing to her veiled hints and flatteries, and her cousin's strange fascination over my heart.

"And now, when I was completely left to her mercy, and most impressionable from my deep sorrow, she told me that her cousin had discovered the true cause of my lover's extreme devotion to me, and his patience under my frequent slights and coldnesses. It appeared that there was some flaw in the title which made the inheritance of his estates doubtful, and my fortune (supposed to be a splendid one) had been a convenient resource in case of the worst. I was maddened with mortified pride and deceived vanity, if not love; and the result of the whole plot was my secretly leaving my home and country, and going through a clandestine marriage with the cousin of my false friend."

"What was the secrecy for?" asked the man abruptly. "You were your own mistress, and did not want for any courage, I know."

"I was not of age," she replied; "and, though nothing could touch my right to my fortune, still the marriage would have needed my guardian's sanction, which, as I well knew, would not have been given. Besides, I hated all the fuss and publicity which a regular breaking off of my former engagement and this marriage would have induced; and my friends were but too ready to fall into my views, so we were married in Scotland, and then abroad; and for the next two years I lived in splendor, luxury, gaiety, and—misery!" she added slowly.

"How was that?" asked the man. "Was not your foreign husband kind to you?"

"Yes, after a fashion," she replied; "but I soon learned to hate him; and, when my money was expended, it suited him to make another advantageous match. He began first to slight, and then to insult me with the assurance that our marriage was so uncertain and informal that it could be questioned; in fact, dissolved at any time he liked."

"I can guess your answer, Lady Esther," said the man, smilingly. "I wouldn't have liked to be in the rascal's shoes just then."

"You may be right, perhaps," she said, with a shiver; "but I soon learned the difference between Italy and my own land, and I could see that my life and liberty, and that of my child, depended on my keeping some self-control.

"But I was not idle, though I appeared to wait submissively for his pleasure, and by a happy accident, and the help of a faithful servant who had learned to suspect my husband, I contrived to send away my little girl, and all the papers and available valuables that had been left me, to England, during my husband's brief absence from his country seat, where he nearly imprisoned me.

"I had intended soon to follow, to seek out my long-lost brother, whom I felt sure would forgive my former want of sisterly love and fidelity to him, when he heard the deep wrongs I had suffered, and to implore his help to right my child—if there was any redress for me in law or justice.

"But I did not know the nature of an Italian, nor the complete helplessness to which the state of that country reduces a woman like myself.

"When Filippo found that our child had disappered, his concealed rage and terror soon displayed themselves in a manner far more effectual than words.

"I was taken from my home, placed in a convent, and there forcibly detained for twelve long years, without a single chance of escape; and perfectly unaware of all that was passing in the outer world. It was while escaping from that prison, after the death of my husband had perhaps made my gaolers somewhat relax their vigilance, that I met with you while wandering in the woods near Villa Franca. You know pretty well the rest."

"Yes, I took you for a queen of the gypsies, or bandits, or something of that sort, when I first saw you," said the man. "You were certainly a courageous woman, to go through even what you saw then, without wincing; and it was that made me trust your word, and let you go scot free. But you've turned on me more than once since, and I don't approve of that. However, let bygones be bygones, and we shall perhaps understand each other better now. But let me hear exactly what you do want to find out, and what you ever expect to accomplish, and I'm man enough to help you to the best of my power. You've been punished, and I'm very sorry for you; and, in spite of your hard words and sneers, I am still ready to do your bidding."

The woman winced under the rough familiarity of the low-born man whose help and companionship had been, by a strange accident, forced upon her; but the deep, anxious purpose of her life was too engrossing and intense not to subdue all lesser passions.

"I can soon explain my object," she said, quietly. "I am anxious first to discover my child and her protector, my own faithful Monica; then, when I have regained the papers, jewels, and letters, which are in her keeping, I should next take steps to vindicate my own marriage, and my daughter's rights to the rank and fortune of her father. When that is once done, I could die happy."

"Why don't you try to find your brother?" asked the man abruptly.

"He has been dead many years since, I feel certain," she replied, "and no trace of him or his widow can be obtained. The only letter that ever reached me in the convent from Monica, told me that much, and gave me the address I sent you to this day."

"And is your husband dead?" he then asked.

"So I heard," she replied; "perished in a sudden squall in the Mediterranean, about three months before my escape, with his sister, her husband, and his so-called wife. I heard the Superior speaking of it when she thought me sleeping during my recovery from an illness, and it gave me new strength and energy, for my long-relinquished purpose."

"Humph! a regular mortality," said the man. "Looks queer, but may be all correct. There are strange things in families sometimes; half-a-dozen or so go off like dead leaves. Well, I've got the scent so far now, that I know what trail I'm on; and though it's a confounded bad one, I'll see what can be done. Your servant's name was Monica, you say?"

"Yes, Monica Donati. She was my husband's foster-sister, but devoted to me partly, as I ever believed, from some secret spite to him."

"And the child?" he asked.

"Would now be almost a woman," she replied, sadly. "Heaven only knows what is the fate of the descendant of two noble families, whether slavery or crime or death has claimed her for his victim. My poor darling; my dark-eyed, lovely little Violetta!" she cried, and tears came down those sallow, wan cheeks, burning and painful as a strong man's weeping.

"Well, I don't deny it's a bad look out," said the man but the child's a great thing, for people seem to remember a child a precious deal better than grown up folks, and it may be she has got into some workhouse or other, where one might trace her out. But the money's the thing, Lady Esther, and that you have not got, nor me either."

"I have got money's worth in this," she said, taking a rich diamond cross from her bosom.

"This bauble was well concealed in a plain bone case, and the rapacious sisters thought it was of no value, and let me keep it, to use, as they said, for the benefit of my sinful soul.

"That ought to fetch enough to bribe all who can give me news of my darling. 'Tis worth a five thousand dollars at the very least."

"If it brings half that we shall do," said the man; "but you see, I dare not take it to any of the regular shops, for they'd think it was a case of shoplifting, or burglary, or something, so I must pass it as well as I can for as much as it will fetch, and use the money to make us a bit more comfortable, and carry on the search."

"Comfort!" she repeated scornfully. "Do you suppose I care whether I am in a palace or a dungeon, if I were sure that all that can be done is fulfilled, for the accomplishment of my life's purpose? I tell you I would lay my head on the scaffold this hour, if it would work out my revenge, and secure my child's re-instatement in her rights."

"Well, well," said the man, "we shall see. There's no good dying or living in misery because there's been a clever rascal at work, and yourself a bit of a jilt and a fool, begging your pardon. There, don't flame up; but leave me to do my best, and then we'll talk about the dying part of the business."

Jonas coolly placed the diamond cross in his capacious pocket, and rose to depart.

"I'll be back in the morning," said he, "as soon as I've got the money: and when I've considered it over a bit, I'll tell you what's my plan of action. Besides," he added, with the senseless laugh that so irritated the sensitive nerves of the haughty woman, "I've another little iron in the fire that may bring in an honest penny, help me in my declining years.

"And you'll neglect my business for some fool's vision of your own!" she said, sharply. "But I won't be trifled with any longer. I've been a weak idiot to have told you my long-concealed and shameful misery."

"Not a bit, not a bit, Lady Esther," said he. "Perhaps the two things may help each other—dovetail, as folks say. Any way, I won't play you false now I know the truth. I thought you were half mad, or worse, before, and the whole thing a fool's errand. But, though I'm not sure that it's not about as hopeless, still, there's something real to look after, and I'm willing to take your word for the reward, if we succeed."

"Reward!" she repeated. "Ay, I should think no reward too great for the accomplishment of my purpose. I will give you, what you would think wealth and luxury, for the remainder of your life, if you prove my marriage and restore me my child."

"Three hundred a year, that's about the figure, I reckon," said the man, with a twinkle of his eye.

"That's not too much for a man that's seen better days, and is tired of knocking about the world and living on his wits."

"As you will," she said, dreamily, "as you will.

"My child would have estates and rank that could well afford even that usurious reward.

"It was Filippo's love of play that wasted my fortune, and embarrassed his own; but the estate of his ancestors were not at his disposal, and they would be my child's, my fair Violetta's, my pride, my treasure!" she exclaimed, stretching out her arms as if they could clasp her lost child.

"Then the rascal got all your money, did he?" observed the man, slowly buttoning his coat, as he stood by the now smouldering fire.

"All," was the reply.

"It was, perhaps, a just punishment for my proud rejection of an unknown sister-in-law and aggravation of my father's anger against my brother.

"There was indeed an estate that was once believed likely to revert to us; but the law suit was dropped while I was but a child.

"That, at least, would have been my poor brother's, as it was not mentioned in the will.

"But my father never entered on the subject with me, and I do not even know to whom it belonged. But it matters little, very little now."

"Well," said the man, "so long as we can get money enough, that's all we need care for just now. That's the oil that makes the wheels go round, Lady Esther. Good-night."

The next moment the woman was alone, and she sat for some time in her low chair as motionless and colorless as before the arrival of her guest.

Her eyes were bent on the ground and her lips moved unconsciously, as if speaking to herself, though no sound issued from them.

Then she suddenly roused herself from her deep reverie, and with a chill shiver began to prepare for her lonely, comfortless bed.

Perhaps the story the woman had been relating had marked more vividly than before the contrast of her present circumstances and her past life, for a look of shuddering disgust came over her face as she looked at the low pallet and scanty and not over-clean clothing.

It was a sight to satisfy the revenge of her injured lover and her deserted brother, had they looked on the wan, squalid lodging of the once courted and beautiful heiress.

"I tell you, Pauline, it is quite impossible said Mrs. Forbes to her daughter. "I could not really outrage propriety and insult

my friends so far as to introduce your humble companion, or rather attendant, as she was first intended to be, among them. Your cousin and you too are quite absurd—mad, to ever think of such a thing. Don't worry me any more. I have really too much on my mind just now to be annoyed by such ridiculous trifles."

"But, mamma," said Pauline who was not easily baffled in any fancy she took up, "no one need know who she is; and in a large party like that, you don't suppose she would be noticed, she is always so shy when strangers are near; and, besides, she is so plain that it is not likely any one will look at her a second time."

"I am not quite of your opinion, Pauline," replied the experienced matron. "The girl has points that may turn out very attractive, if she were brought forward too much.

"Perhaps it was Ernest who put it into your head to ask for her to be at the ball?" she added, significantly.

A flush came over Pauline's fair cheek, and a quick, angry flash of jealousy shone in her blue eyes.

"Mamma, you are really provoking!" she exclaimed; "you always like to spoil all my pleasure.

"But I declare I won't appear at all if you vex me beforehand; it's so unkind on my birthday, and when Ernest is here. I mean Barbara to be at the party, and I promise you she won't eclipse me, in spite of all the attractions you have discovered so suddenly."

Mrs. Forbes was annoyed but she had submitted too long and too implicitly to Pauline to be able to begin a different system now; moreover, she had another and yet stronger motive for repressing any exhibition of temper on her daughter's part at that particular moment.

"No, Lina, do not be foolish," she said, coaxingly laying her hand on the girl's bright, fair hair, and looking in her lovely face with a mother's admiring fondness. "Of course, I admit Barbara is not likely to eclipse you; neither is Lady Joddrell. Still, if a man is diverted by any attraction, real or fancied, from the true object of his admiration, it is apt to weaken and even destroy the eagerness and keen determination to bring matters to an issue. Now, I have never concealed from you that it is your father's and my earnest desire to see you your cousin's wife. We have rather kept him at a distance from you, because we thought it far better he should see you as a woman, than get accustomed to consider you a child, and be too much accustomed to your beauty and grace to be fully aware of your attractions.

"And I am certain he was quite taken by surprise when he first saw you, though he is too wary to let his feelings be seen too plainly.

"But I tell you candidly, I am by no means so sure that you will fix him, unless you are extremely careful in every respect. Ernest is not like other young men. He is spoiled by being his own master so early, and travelling about all these years: it makes men so eccentric and wilful, and yet one must humor them a little, Lina."

"I can't see it, mamma," said the beautiful girl, tossing her head scornfully. "I surely need not break my heart because the first man I see does not propose to me. There are numbers of others, I daresay, who would be glad to have me. I don't think I need be very much alarmed on that score."

"Foolish child! of course you need not," said her mother: "but you would be a simpleton to throw away such a chance. Why, with your beauty, and engaged before you come out, to a man of Ernest's pretensions, you would create a perfect *furore*."

Pauline's face now assumed a more thoughtful expression, and a suspicious glow came upon the fair young cheek—the glow of gratified vanity and daring ambition. The brilliant picture fired her fancy, if her heart was untouched: and from that moment her resolution was taken, with a particularly keen and acute perception of her position and of Ernest's peculiarities, that seemed incredible in one so young and so thoughtless.

"Mamma," she said, after a pause, "make yourself quite happy.

"I intend certainly to marry Ernest, but I don't mean to be his slave in order to win him; that would be the very way to disgust him.

"Let him see that he is not sure of me, and then he will be far more eager to secure me.

"If I were to condescend to show any jealousy, he would despise me at once, and think there must be something in that plain, obscure Barbara to excite my such absurd fears.

"Leave it to me, and depend on it, I shall manage him far better than you would. Now just let me have my way once."

"For once!" repeated her mother, sighing; "when don't you have it Lina? I only fear we shall rue your having been so indulged, and thought so much of."

"Not a bit; not a wee, wee bit," said Pauline, gaily, her spirits returning as she saw she had won her victory.

"You will confess I am a perfected and revised edition of your clever, handsome, prudent self, when you see Lady Forbes of Forbes Castle presented at the drawing-room next Spring, by her mother, Mrs. Forbes, on her marriage. Won't you be proud of your Lina, then?" she added, crouching down at her mother's feet, and laying her head caressingly on her knees, while her bright eyes danced with anticipated triumph.

The mother could not resist that beautiful, coaxing upturned face, nor doubt longer that Ernest's heart would be proof against its power.

"Very well, Lina," she sighed, doubtfully; "but I am still incredulous, and, if you fail, I shall be most seriously annoyed and disappointed."

The first step in Pauline's arrangements on leaving her mother, was to summon her maid.

"Miss Graham is to appear at the ball next Tuesday," she said, with one of her gentlest happiest smiles, "and I have persuaded mamma to let her have a nice new dress for the occasion; but you see, Susan, there would not be time for anything to be bought and made in three days: so I have been thinking she had better wear my pale green silk, with the black lace trimmings, and the green wreath in her hair. You know I only put it on once, just for mamma to judge of it, and it is exactly like a new dress."

At this arrangement Susan looked dissatisfied.

"Why, is it not good enough for Barbara when it was considered a charming dress for me?" exclaimed Pauline, half losing her self-command in her vexation.

"Yes, miss," said the maid, "it is a beautiful dress, and too good to give away like that; since, in course, you could not wear it after Miss Graham had been seen in it. It was not that I was thinking of."

"What then?" asked Pauline, impatiently. "Are you afraid you would have the trouble of altering it? Why, it would almost do as it is."

"Certainly miss you are wonderfully alike in figure, only that you are so much more graceful looking," replied Susan. "It was not that: only, do you think that the green would suit Miss Graham? You see, miss, it is the thing for your complexion: but with black hair and a dark skin like Miss Graham's, it is so different; and it would be a pity to throw the dress away, when it suits you so well."

Susan had apparently not lived so long in the family without catching some of the "polley" on which the ladies prided themselves; but in this case it was thrown away.

"Nonsense, Susan!" said Pauline. "Every one knows that dark hair, and eyes look well with black lace trimmings, like those on my dress.

"At any rate the dress must do, since there is no time for another, and she cannot wear her brown silk, that's certain. There, take the dress, and try it on her at once, and alter it if it needs it; or stay—send Miss Graham here, and let me see you put it on her."

Susan unwillingly obeyed, and quickly returned with the unconscious object of the beautiful heiress's anxious schemes.

"Barbara, I have made mamma give me leave to have you at my party," she said, with a fascinating look of kindly pleasure at the announcement; "and, having done thus much, we must complete the matter by a proper and elegant dress, that you may not do discredit to any introduction. There, I am going to reverse the usual order of things and make you a present on my birthday, instead of your giving me one. Isn't that a very beautiful dress? And I intend you to wear it, and that ivy wreath."

Barbara's breath was fairly taken away for the moment, but the next instant a bright glow came over her pale cheek, and then died lastly away.

"Please do not, Miss Forbes," she said. "It is very kind of you, but I should only feel wretched, a desolate, lonely intruder on a scene where I have no right to be. You cannot imagine it,—you, so rich, and courted, and beautiful; but please do not say any more about it, for I cannot, indeed I cannot."

Pauline's heart was touched by the sad tone, the earnest look of those thoughtful, pensive eyes, and for a genuine feeling of sympathy for the girl whose fate was so contrasted with her own, made her stoop forward, and kiss the noble brow of the orphan.

She would have yielded all to her just then rather than cause her the pain, the mortification that her sensitive heart so dreaded—yielded all but the heart, the admiration, the homage of Ernest, which must be secured at any cost, any sacrifice of womanly sympathy and good faith.

"Silly girl!" she said, kindly. "Will you not be at home? Why should you mind a crowd in our own house? It will be a brilliant sight—a delightful change from the schoolroom."

"Home! I have no home," said Barbara: "scarcely a name that I can claim as my own."

"What nonsense you wise, grave damsels can talk!" interrupted Pauline, who had no taste for gloom or for delay in any scheme on which she had set her heart. "I tell you my home is yours unless you make me repent my promise by such unjust moanings against a remarkably comfortable life. There, turn your eyes and your anxieties in a more cheering direction, and see whether the dress can be made into a decent and rational fit."

There was no appeal, and Barbara had too much pride to attempt any further remonstrance.

It was but a drop in the cup, a little feather in the burden, perhaps scarcely worth the pain it cost her; but there was in her heart a consciousness of gentle descent, of high powers, and just claims, that made the trial strangely galling to her, and with a quiet dignity she submitted to Pauline's wish and the elegant, costly dress was arranged, as if in mockery, on her usually plainly-attired form.

Was it that, from her lowly station, she was unfit for so brilliant a dress, or that the sad, proud look on her face formed too strong a contrast with the unwonted gaiety? or, as Susan had suggested, had Pauline's choice of the robe been strangely at variance with her usual faultless taste? Whatever the reason, Barbara's first glance in the mirror brought to her lips a bitter smile of contempt at her face and form. She was indeed a strange and striking foil to the bright lovely young creature who stood at her side, gazing curiously at the effect of her own directions.

The exquisite but most trying shade of green, which was so becoming to the transparent skin of Pauline, the dark bright wreath that had glistened bewitching amidst her glossy golden hair, threw out in strong and most unbecoming relief all the weakest points of the orphan girl's countenance. Her complexion, which, except at rare intervals, was clear, now received a tinge of actual yellow and sallow hue from the peculiar green of the robe; her hair was almost funereal, when the ivy wreath was placed in contrast with her dark tresses, and the black lace that hung in flounces and trimmings about the dress, completed the sombre effect of the whole attire. Barbara gave one quick glance, that took in the whole unbecoming, disfiguring result of her new toilette, and then turned in proud submission to her fair young mistress.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Pauline, with a suppressed triumph in her glance which did not escape Susan. "It fits beautifully. We are strangely alike in figure, apparently; my dresses fit you so well."

"And suit me so well!" said Barbara, bitterly. "I am content, Miss Forbes, if you are."

"Don't you think, miss, if I were to mix a little scarlet with the wreath, and put some flowers to match in the dress, that it would be a great improvement?" suggested Susan.

"Certainly not," replied Pauline decisively.

At that moment a loud knocking at the door, and the voice of Sir Ernest calling eagerly on his cousin, startled them.

"Pauline, Pauline, where are you?" he cried. "I have the horses at the door, and here I find you shut up, as if you were cramming for honors."

Susan had opened the door at the first clamorous application for admission, and before Pauline had time to reply, and join her cousin in the corridor, where he was waiting for her, the figure of the orphan girl, standing proudly and patiently before the large pier-glass, and the bitter look on that speaking face, had caught the young man's eye, and given him a clue to the whole scene.

But before he could catch a second glance, or Barbara was aware that she had been observed through the narrow aperture of the door, Pauline had rapidly closed it, and danced gaily along the corridor to her room, calling Susan to assist her habit in the same breath which assured her cousin she would join him immediately.

"For Selim's sake, not yours, remember!" she added, with a gay look of seeming defiance, as she disappeared in her own apartment.

Barbara still stood regarding her own form in that too-faithful glass, and recalling with fresh and bitter vividness that memorable day when the knowledge of her own unattractiveness had been first forced on her notice. "She is so terribly ugly!" had been Lady Joddrell's scarcely-whispered ejaculation, and Barbara's lips unconsciously repeated it now.

"She was right" she murmured. "Ugly, yes, I am indeed a contrast to Nature's favored ones. Oh, why was I denied that all-powerful gift of beauty, that seems to exercise such away over every one? Claudia, Pauline, and Lily, how lovely they all are! Why am I alone so plain, unattractive, and ugly!"

CHAPTER XI.

IT was the evening of Pauline's birthday ball.

The day had as yet been a brilliant and sunny one with the young heiress. The rich gifts of her parents had been supplemented in the early morning by a costly yet simple bracelet from Sir Ernest, and a playful but well-deserved compliment on the fair queen of he day, which brought a new and conscious beauty to her young face.

But Barbara, poor neglected Barbara had sat alone in the deserted schoolroom, and striven in vain to divert the deep, oppressive sadness—the irresistible repining that would conquer her utmost efforts to rise superior to her own dreary destiny. Then, as the darkness closed in, and the various sounds that reached her became more busy and frequent, her mind awoke once more to the present and dreaded penance for which she must shortly prepare; the vision of the wretched green dress, the gloomy wreath, the disfigured, lugubrious air they gave to her face and form, rose up before her with terrible distinctness as she gazed on it in that too faithful pier glass.

It was not in human nature to disregard such a mortification as this; and the poor girl shivered with pardonable vexation and disgust as she heard Susan's well-known step approaching to warn her of the sad hour.

"Come, Miss Graham," she said, "it's time to dress. I've only got to finish Miss Pauline when the hair-dresser's gone; so, if you'll just go to your room and get all ready for me to do your hair, I'll make the best I can of you under the circumstances."

Barbara obeyed mechanically, and the preparations for Susan's skilful hand were soon completed; and then she threw on the long dressing-gown that had been a breakfast dress of Pauline's, and sat down to await the maid's entrance.

Barbara looked languidly up as Susan entered.

Her arms were empty, and Barbara cared not to inquire about the hated robe; so she quietly sat down before the glass, and submitted her hair to the skilful hands of the artiste, scarcely troubling herself to watch the operation as it went rapidly on, or bestowing a look on the image reflected in the glass.

For a moment Susan stepped back and contemplated her own work with no little satisfaction; then she opened a small box, that had been unnoticed by Barbara, and took from it a fairy-like glittering something which was in another instant shining and sparkling on her head.

"There, Miss Graham—look!" exclaimed Susan, eagerly.

Barbara raised her eyes languidly, expecting to see the hated ivy-leaves reposing on her hair, with the well-remembered funereal gloom.

But, at the first glance, a start, a flash of pleasure and surprise, an exclamation of mingled bewilderment and delight escaped her, and then she turned to Susan in questioning astonishment.

It was indeed a magic change; for, instead of the dead, dark green of the ivy, a wreath of rich crimson camellias, with leaves of frosted silver, and soft delicate green, was shining amidst her hair, casting a becoming bloom on the now warm and almost brilliant cheeks that had looked so sallow and disconsolate half-an-hour before.

"Susan, how kind," she said, "how good of Miss Pauline; and then to surprise me so completely! It must have been your doing, good, kind Susan."

"Then you like it, do you, Miss Graham?" said the maid.

"Like it!" said Barbara; "oh, Susan, it is beautiful, perfect. It will make even the green dress look less frightful. I am so very, very much obliged to——"

"You don't know what you've got to be obliged for, nor who to just yet," interrupted Susan. "Look here!" she cried, producing a milliner's box, from which she drew forth a dress that brought the bright color to Barbara's cheeks, and the light to her eyes.

It was a simple but most exquisite dress of rose-colored silk, with no ornament but a delicate lace bertha over the bodice, and a small bouquet of camellias in front to match her wreath.

Susan lifted it over the girl's head, and began to arrange it on the really graceful figure, before Barbara found breath or recollection to speak.

"Then it was only a jest just to try me, and cover her own kind, generous intentions!" she exclaimed. "Dear, dear Pauline, how I misguessed you!"

"It's my belief that Miss Pauline knows very little about it," said Susan; "but I won't say, because I don't know. All I have orders for, is to dress you for the ball and now I think you are about ready."

Barbara was indeed ready; and as she looked at herself in the glass she could scarcely believe the image it reflected was her own: the well-fitting, full, gracefully-flowing dress—the beautifully-arranged hair—the becoming tint of the flowers and robe—the flashing, deep, rich brown eyes—the brilliant color on the cheeks—the white teeth just visible through the parted lips. It was, if not a beautiful, at least a graceful, intellectual, piquante-looking girl, whom the mirror threw back; and Barbara's idea of her hopeless ugliness was fairly shaken.

"Now go down at once, Miss Graham," said Susan; "you look so fresh and nice."

The astonished girl obeyed, after another quick glance at the mirror, as if to persuade herself she was not in a dream; then she descended the long flight of stairs, and timidly approached the lighted and brilliantly-filled saloons.

She paused at the door, frightened at her appearance in that brilliant crowd: though her own humble estimate of her powers made her conscious that little notice of so insignificant a person as herself would be expected.

Still it was a bewitching scene that opened on her eyes when, at last the approach of a servant with some trays of refreshments forced her to steal into the throng.

The rooms were dazzling with decorations and lights at every imaginable point. A crowd, that seemed to Barbara perfectly impossible to thread through without rudeness, were collected in the first large drawing-room, while the next was appropriated to dancing, and the further to music. Barbara had known all these arrangements, and even helped to perfect some of the decorations; but the effect was so grand and so bewildering that she could not have believed the rooms were the same apartments familiar to her for so many months. She stole timidly along the wall, to a remote corner of the drawing-room, where she fancied she could best escape notice, and sat down on a low ottoman that had been pushed completely out of the way; and then, comparatively safe and re-assured, she began to look round, and observe, with the acuteness natural to her, the scene around.

At first all seemed one brilliant mass of richly-dressed matrons and well-bred looking men, with a few rare sprinkling of younger and fairer faces among the recently arrived girls, who had not yet passed on into the ball-room.

Then at last, as her mind grew calmer, she perceived one or two familiar faces among Pauline's more intimate friends, though she instinctively shrunk back from any chance of recognition from them as her eyes caught their well-remembered faces.

But presently her attention was far more excitingly attracted by a form and face associated with some of the most agitating and bitter scenes of her young life; and yet it was one that involuntarily commanded her respect, her admiration, and a cer-

tain fascination of sympathy that was inexplicable to herself.

There was a thought, an intellect, and traces of deep, suppressed suffering in the fine face that was at once intelligible to the kindlier nature of the girl, and awakened her finest sympathy and interest.

It was not gratitude, nor admiration, nor instinctive regard alone that seemed to draw Barbara, with a singular attraction, towards Sidney Ashley.

It was a mingling of all, and perhaps more than all of these that made her follow each look and movement with such strange interest.

For to that noble-looking man, in whose face she could read so many deep and suggestive turns of intellect, of a heart that was capable of intense and abiding emotions, Barbara knew now that she owed much of the scant yet refined happiness of her lonely life.

It was Sidney Ashley who had opened to her the glorious world of melody in which she had so often forgotten the sufferings and desolateness of her outer life.

And, as she had so often suspected, when speculating on the mysterious gift that had laid the first foundation of her knowledge and acquirements, it was more than probable that Sidney Ashley had been the donor of those precious books, and the real benefactor to whom she owed all her mental happiness, and the excellence which was as uncommon in its self as the mode by which it had been attained.

How she longed to hear him speak on some subject more worthy of him than ball-room chat—how she longed to tell him of the deep and heartfelt gratitude which swelled in her bosom for his thoughtful, generous goodness! But her expectations were disappointed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Summer Boarder.

BY A. P. THATCHER.

IT was a pleasant little place, a story and a half high only, but spread over a great deal of ground.

There was a big velvety lawn in front, with half-a-dozen beech-trees that had stood there for a hundred years—magnificent old trees as ever cast their waving shadows on a summer day.

There were old-fashioned flowers, and an old-fashioned rope swing, a well with a veritable mossy oaken bucket; there were plenty of vegetables in the little garden patch, lots of eggs fresh every day, and all the milk that was wanted.

There were berries and fruits, shade, and pure water, and a quarter of a mile away the sandy beach of the Atlantic and the young, new sea-side resort that had lately grown up there.

"It is the very place for you," Isabel Dale said, with a happy eager look in her dark eyes.

And Mr. Felix Pontifex smiled back at her, with that look a man gives a pretty girl whom he admires unusually much.

"I shall decide upon it, then. 'Beechcliff Cottage,' a pretty rural name, and the landlady is——?"

Isabel laughed, showing her distractingly pretty dimple.

"Miss Amy Barry, a little ugly old maid, and just as nice as she can be."

Mr. Pontifex affected a horrified scowl, and helped Miss Dale into the carriage again.

"A very picturesque place indeed," he said, looking back towards the pretty old-fashioned house under the shade of the big beeches.

"I am glad you spoke of it to me. I will drive over again when Miss Barry is at home and make the necessary arrangements."

Which arrangements were, that in consideration of twenty-five dollars a week, Mr. Pontifex was to have Miss Barry's two front rooms for himself and his little motherless children and a room in the attic "lean-to" for their nurse, the buxom young North Ireland girl.

It was a perfect godsend to little Amy Barry, little ugly old maid that she was, and when she knelt beside her bed that night, she offered her thankful prayers that Mr. Pontifex had come to smooth her financial road for her.

For a summer boarder meant so much to Miss Barry, who, five years ago had lost in one week, her mother and father, and the big strong brother who had been such a tower of strength to them all.

There had been nothing left to Amy but the homestead where she had been born and always lived, and when people had advised her to sell it, and put the money in the bank for a rainy day, while she went about sewing, she indignantly scouted such counsel.

"No, indeed. A farmer's daughter ought to manage a bit of ground as well as a farmer's son.

"I'll keep the place, and in summer I'll take boarders, and Larry O'Toole shall do my heavy work for me.

"When the 'rainy day' comes I'll have my home and a penny in the bank book."

She had prospered until the last year; so that now, when Mr. Pontifex came, it was a godsend to her, and she went about her pretty cosy little house as contented and happy as the day was long.

An "ugly little old maid," that was what bonny bright Isabel had called her, and Felix Pontifex caught himself one day watching her, as she went flitting from place to place, in her big white apron and tucked-up sleeves and sunny-brown hair braided beneath a brown silk net, both his children, Phil and Edna, trotting around after her.

Yes, she was plain, undeniably, and little and of all things Mr. Pontifex least admired plain little women.

But she was good—there were not two ways about that, and she succeeded in making him thoroughly comfortable.

"Mr. Pontifex is just delighted with Beechcliff Cottage," Isabel Dale said one bright morning, when she dropped in a moment—such a radiant vision in her pale blue lawn and pale pink ribbons, her lovely face all aflush, her eyes shining like stars.

Amy was mixing puff paste for lemon pie—lemon pie and rice-pudding was Mr. Pontifex's favorite dessert.

"Is that so?" Amy laughed, holding out one short dimpled arm inside the oven to test its heat.

"That's pleasant to know, and especially from you Isabel, for I feel most truly grateful to you for recommending my little nest to him.

"He is a great friend of yours, isn't he?"

Isabel laughed, and a little crimson flush warmed her cheeks.

"Oh, I don't know! Yes, he is a friend, of course.

"I've known him for over a year now. He's handsome, isn't he?"

"I think he is the finest looking gentleman I ever saw," Amy answered quietly, then bent a little puzzled look upon Isabel.

"How did you come to send him here? I should think you would prefer to have him with you at the St. Robert."

"You little goose, can't you understand that?

"Indeed, I don't want him at the hotel—why, there's Vera May, and Jessie Dean, and that lovely Miss Hathaway from the West—Amy.

"I am so glad he came here, where there's no temptation for him to be made a dead set at.

"A handsome rich widower, you know, is a great catch.

"There, he's safe, you see."

She certainly did not mean anything cruel but, it touched little plain Amy as nothing had ever hurt her.

And, proud little woman as she was she suddenly had to rush to the pantry for more sugar, to hide the tears she felt coming to her eyes.

Mr. Pontifex was safe at Beechcliff Cottage!

Yes, she was too old, too plain, too decidedly an old maid to be dangerous to any man's peace of mind.

It was all true, and she had known it all her life, but somehow it occurred to her as never before.

Little, and plain, and old, but with a woman's heart beating warm and strengthful in her bosom; and somehow Isabel Dale's rare blossomy beauty seemed, for a moment the most desirable possession in all the world, because with it, such love, and devotion, and admiration could be won.

She thrust the foolish thought away from her, and came back, her sugar-crock in her hand.

"Do you bathe every day, Isabel? I heard the children saying the water was delightfully warm to-day."

"We go down every day—who don't you go, Miss Barry? I have the loveliest bathing-dress— cream flannel trimmed with brown.

"Can't you go with us at four o'clock to-day?

"Mr. Pontifex is going, and mamma, and Chris."

How she would have liked to go! But, here was not the life of pleasure and ease that the brilliant butterflies of fashion lead.

"I rather think not," she said. "I want to make a short-cake for tea—the children are so fond of it, and I promised it for to-night."

"But the children can be disappointed for once, you must go, Miss Barry," and Mr. Pontifex stepped in the big shady kitchen, so handsome in his white duck suit that Amy's own skilful hands had laundried.

Isabel gave a rapturous glance of welcome and Amy laughed a little confusedly.

"I hope I am not intruding, or that this delicious old-fashioned room is forbidden ground," he said.

Amy pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Mr. Pontifex," she said, and then went on with her pastry, while he and Isabel chatted and laughed.

And it ended by taking Amy's consent to go with them bathing.

She never knew quite how it all happened, none of them knew, but little Edna managed to separate herself from the others, and the first thing anyone knew, she was screaming and being borne out by the breakers, and Amy had plunged in after her, entirely oblivious to the important fact that she was not much more able to fight the heavy seas than the child.

There was a little consternation, a shriek or so from Isabel, an exclamation of something not perfectly intelligible from Mr. Pontifex, a prompt command to Isabel's big brother, Chris, and then shortly after little Edna and Amy were carried out unconscious; and the next thing Amy knew she was on her own lounge in her little sitting-room, with the sound of Isabel's and her mother's voices in the next room, and Mr. Pontifex's handsome, anxious eyes looking down in her face as he sat beside her, little Edna, unconcerned as ever, perched contentedly on his knee.

"Amy!" he said, in a low breathless sort of way as she looked wonderingly at him; "Amy, my brave little darling, thank God, I saved you, for myself, didn't I?"

She suddenly began to cry, what did he mean?

Was it a dream, a tantalizing dream?

"Amy," the low passionate voice went on and the grave handsome face, all full of expectancy, drooped so near to hers that she knew it was no dream—"if you had died, I think I should have died, too! I meant to have told you this very day how I have learned to love you, that I want you to be my blessed little wife, if you can care enough, for me to come to me. Can you Amy? Do you dear?"

* * * * * *

And even Isabel could not begrudge happy Amy her great happiness when she saw what perfect bliss had come to the little woman from her summer boarder.

THE TURKS AND THE PROPHETS.—The Turks have a great regard for the prophets and holy men whose histories are given in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, especially for Adam, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, David, Solomon, and Jesus; but the glory of all these is eclipsed by their own prophet. As has been remarked by a Turkish author, "All other prophets and apostles are but a diadem on the brow of our lord Mohammed." Many attempts have been made to explain this profound reverence for Mohammed by his countless followers. Other causes may, have aided, but the main cause, doubtless, is to be found, not in his moral maxims, nor in the sensual paradise which he offered to his followers, nor yet in the vague belief that he spake as the oracle of God, but in the fact that he is regarded as the revealer and defender of the doctrine of the Divine unity. In this character he became, in the eyes of his followers, a reformer as opposed (1) to idolatry, (2) to another Christianity which accepted the honor of images, pictures, and saints, and (3) to a pure Christianity which holds to a trinity in a unity. But whatever may be the cause of this supreme devotion, there can be no question in regard to the fact. Nothing can exceed the jealous care with which Moslems guard the reputation of their prophet; even an insinuation that he was not all that is claimed for him is resented as a personal insult. The name of Mohammed kindles a burning enthusiasm in the breasts of his followers, an enthusiasm which sometimes breaks forth in terrible massacres, but is generally quiet and powerful, like the flow of a deep and mighty river. Lethargic as most Turks are the name of the prophet at once arouses to action. The form of the Turk becomes more erect, his dull eyes flashes, his blood flows quicker, and his step becomes elastic whenever a detested Christian, more bold than his fellows, dares to insinuate a doubt of the divine mission of Mohammed. There is a sublimity in the enthusiasm of the Moslems for their prophet of Arabia. It was this enthusiasm that conquered Constantiple, and that terrified Europe beneath the walls of Vienna. It is the same rapt and dominant passion that stands like a wall of adamant in the path of the modern missionary who attempts to teach the Moslem a pure Christianity; and it is the knowledge of this that makes the Christians of the East to-day tremble in the presence of their Moslems conquerors. The Christians know that they are surrounded by those whose fanatical hatred of Christianity is like the pent-up fires of a volcano; they can never be sure that those fires will not, at some unexpected moment, break forth with destructive fury.

DOGS AND THEIR MASTERS.—The Queen of England's favorite dog, a splendid Dachsund is so perfectly dignified and rigid in his demeanor that he keeps all her Majesty's inferior terriers and collies in meek subordination, and is himself generally known as the "Lord Chamberlain" of the canine Court. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that, as the Aryan race loved dogs more than the Semitic, so among Aryans, the Anglo-Saxons have been pre-eminent for the same sentiment. It is true we have among the Celts the Dog of Llewellyn, and among the French and Germans, besides the Dog of Montargis, we have innumerable glorified dogs of tradition and poetry. But the tone of nine French writers out of ten, when they talk of dogs, reveals the hollowness of Gallic regard for the noble beast. In the same way in Italy, dogs are as a rule less useful and are often treacherous enough to receive caresses graciously, and afterward, when opportunity offers, to turn round and bite. But the very land of dogs, and the land wherin the dog receives most genuine honor, and himself rises to his noblest development of character, is unquestionably England. It is to be deplored that the greatest English poet never drew the character of a noble dog, and condescended to degrade his pen by the miserable caricature of Launce's cur; but since Shakspeare's days our poets have done what in them lay to make up the omission. Cowper, Walter Scott, Burns, Byron, Tennyson, the two Brownings, and Matthew Arnold, have all been eminent dog lovers, and have written tender things of dogs, living and dead. English history is full of records of dogs—noble dogs of Charles I. pitifully faithful dogs, like the little creature which accompanied Mary Queen of Scots to the scaffold and laid itself down between the severed head and beautiful neck; silky spoiled favorites, like the spaniels of Charles II., and Diamond, the dog of Sir Isaac Newton, which gave that great philosopher a year's extra trouble by destroying his papers.

AFTER an experience of five years, and exhaustive tests of twenty-one different systems, the Paris Street Car Company has abandoned the use of steam and reverted to the use of horses as a cheaper and in all respects more satisfactorily motive power. Scarcely a week has passed without some accident on the steam line which proved costly to the company and led to complaints from the public. At last the authorities forbade the further use of steam, and the company was perfectly ready to acquiesce.

Bric-a-Brac.

AL FRESCO.—This is an Italian phrase, meaning, to the shade and employed by English writers as an equivalent to "open air," as an *al fresco* entertainment.

JUST THE CHEESE.—This familiar vulgarism, used in commendation of a thing, is a mere orientalism, meaning "just the thing," from cheez, Hindoostanee for "a thing."

INCREASE OF PIGS.—One pair of pigs will increase in six years to one hundred and nineteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine, taking the increase at fourteen times per annum. A pair of sheep in the same time would be but sixty-four.

THE LARGEST PARK.—The most extensive park is Deer Park, in the environs of Copenhagen, in Denmark. The inclosure contains about 4,200 acres, and is divided by a small river. The largest pleasure ground in this country is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which contains 2,750 acres.

ENGLISH FAMILIES.—Families frequently die out in real life in a manner which would be thought an extravagant reach of the imagination in a fiction. There is an English squire at this moment whose father was the youngest son of the youngest of seven brothers; the present squire has been married twenty years, but is childless; so is his next brother, and his youngest brother died unmarried at twenty-seven.

AUSTRIAN LADIES.—There are no ladies in the world so capable of doing so many things and doing them well, as the Austrian ladies, especially those of high birth. No matter what they may be called on to do, from cutting a dress to making a salad, they are always ready. Young girls with titles and fortunes are sent to famous milliners and dressmakers, where they serve a regular apprenticeship, and remain until perfectly able to cut and make any garment.

CHINESE BELLS.—An old Chinese Emperor Yu, the great,—used musical instruments for a very good purpose. He placed before his palace a large and a small bell, a drum, a gong, and a tambourine, and any person having business with him would be admitted on striking one of these. By the various sounds, he could tell, before seeing him, the nature of his visitor's business. The large bell meant that the person was coming to complain of an injustice; the small one was for private visitors; the drum told that the business was about the manners or customs of the empire; the gong, a public misfortune; the tambourine asked for the emperor's judgment in regard to some crime.

ARAB BALL-PLAYING.—A traveller says: about 15 Arab boys and men—some of the latter with white beards—some with sabres some with guns slung across their shoulders, were tossing a leathern ball about as big as an orange. One would take it, let it fall, and send it to the air with a blow of his foot; all the others rushed to catch it before it fell. The one who caught it repeated the action of the first; and, so the group of players, always following the ball, were in constant movement from one point to another. The curious part of it was that there was not a word, nor a cry, nor a smile among them. Old men and boys, all were equally serious and intent upon the game as upon some necessary labor, and only their panting breath and the sound of the feet could be heard.

THE CITY OF CANALS.—Many persons are under a great misapprehension as to the means of transit or locomotion in Venice. It is a mistake to suppose that there are no streets, and that it is absolutely necessary to go from place to place by gondola. It is true that three bridges—the Rialto Bridge of the Middle Ages, and two modern iron bridges — span the Grand Canal which divides the city in equal halves; it is true that the city is built upon 117 islands, intersected by 150 small canals and 1300 passages; but almost every one of the water streets have a quay or footpath bordering it while 400 bridges unite island to island, so that it is quite possible to go to every part of the city on foot, although few perhaps would care to do so, for there is not, in all the world, a more difficult place for the traveller guided only by the "light of nature," to find a given spot. That spot my be only a few hundred yards away, but to reach it he may have to cross a dozen bridges, some leading to the right, and some to the left, and traverse as many squares, of which there are 336, or 128 larger squares, and 209 smaller squares.

THE LION'S SORROW.—In the beginning of the last century there was in the menagerie at Cassel a lion that showed an astonishing degree of tameness towards the woman who had care of him. This went so far that the woman, in order to amuse the company which came to see the animal, would often rashly place not only her hand, but even her head, between his tremendous jaws. She had frequently performed this daring act without suffering injury; but once, having introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the animal made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; probably at the fatal moment the hair of the woman's head irritated the lion's throat, and compelled him to sneeze or cough. This supposition seems to be confirmed by what followed: for as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good-tempered and grateful animal exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy laid himself down by the side of the dead body, which he would not suffer to be taken away from him; refused to take any food, and in a few days pined himself to death.

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY T. W. T.

Fair as the lily that hides in the dell,
And sweet as the rose in full bloom,
If ever I sigh, one glance from your eye
Would dispel all my sorrow and gloom.

If ever from care I'd worry or fret,
Or anything seem to annoy,
Only one sip from your sweet ruby lip
Would fill me with pleasure and joy.

If in passing through life, it often occurs,
I'd be stricken with sickness and pain,
One little caress would banish distress—
I'd be free from my ailments again.

If poverty came, with its hard, ruthless hand,
My plans and ambition to spoil,
Your bright smile would cheer, I never would fear
To battle the world and its toil.

If in adversity friends did desert,
And foes in their malice deride,
I'd never despair, I nothing would care
If I only had you by my side.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I WOULD rather earn money in some other way," Leah said.

Her father interrupted her eagerly.

"The earning of money is the least part of it, Leah; do you not see? It is true we must have money, but the teaching of the people is the principal thing."

"Tell me what they are to be taught," she requested.

"To hate, first of all, all existing institutions. They must be taught to hate imperialism, royalty, the aristocracy, and the gentry. They must be taught to hate the Sovereign, the Legislature—government in every shape and form, except such as may be in their own hands. They must be taught that the goods of this fair world were never meant to be in the hands of a few. They must be taught that it is a monstrous injustice that one man should own fertile lands, waving woods, broad deep streams, mines of untold wealth underground, while another dies from want of bread. They must be taught, Leah, that no man has a right to make slaves—to torture, to kill, to bind the necks of thousands of his fellow-men under an intolerable yoke. The earth was made for man—not for kings."

"But," she said slowly, "men must be ruled, must be governed. It seems to me a little matter whether they are ruled by kings or by such as you. I know little, but I cannot help thinking that, if all these barriers were swept away by a mighty wave of revolution, the self-same barriers would naturally arise again. All men cannot be equal—industry must outstrip idleness, genius must succeed better than folly, wisdom reign over ignorance. If you make the minds, hearts, characters and consciences of men equal then there might be some hope of equality in circumstances."

He looked at her angrily.

"Do you know," he cried, "that those are the very arguments of my enemies? Who has taught them to you?"

"No one," she replied. "No one has ever spoken to me of such things. I only say what I think."

"Then you must speak in that fashion no more, Leah. You must strangle your own ideas. I tell you that they are all wrong. You must apply yourself diligently to study what I may call my side, the people's side, of the question. A woman like you, young and beautiful, ought to sway the masses; you must give your life to it, and discard all weakness, all nonsense, about—the other side."

She looked up at him thoughtfully.

She had much to say, she did not in her own simple girlish mind agree with one word of his argument.

Why should she stand up to tell the people not to love their Queen?

Only last week every bell in the city had chimed in honor of the Queen's birthday, and, listening to them, her eyes had grown dim with tears.

Who could say one word against the royal and noble lady whose crown was the purity of her life?

How often had her own heart beaten when she heard the loyal voices of the people cry, "God save the Queen!"

And she was to teach men to hate the noble lady worthy of all love!

As she stood silent, Martin Ray watching every change in her face, she recalled to mind what she had heard of two lectures given lately.

One was to a large audience in a crowded city—a lecture on Republicanism—when the lecturer spoke in such terms of the Queen and the Royal Family that honest men were angered.

When he had concluded in a fiery outburst of eloquence, amidst a breathless silence one man stood up and cried out, "God save the Queen!"

Instantly the cry was caught up by hundreds of voices; a reaction set in; where treason and disloyalty had reigned triumphant, loyalty conquered.

"God save the Queen!" resounded through the vast building and through the streets of the great city.

The other lecture that crossed her mind was one given in a pretty quiet midland town—given by a lady who was an atheist, and whose mission it was to preach against the Great Creator who had given her life.

She used the most brilliant and specious arguments; she brought forward some ideas that appeared irrefutable; she concluded her lecture in a deep dread silence.

The hearts of those who had listened were heavy and sad.

Suddenly in their midst rose up an old white-haired man.

He stood bare-headed, with his face slightly raised.

"I believe in God, the Mighty, the Merciful," he said.

And those who were present went home with firmer faith and clearer hope.

She thought of these two events, and her face was full of doubt.

"I have no more time just now," said Martin Ray. "There is a meeting of the delegates at three, and I must be present. I will find leisure to teach you, Leah; and, believe me, a grand mission lies before you."

But on the face of the girl here was no light of enthusiasm—nothing but the shadow of doubt and of fear.

CHAPTER V.

A GLOOMY house in a gloomy street, quite unfitted for the habitation of two beautiful and brilliant girls.

Every one who knows Manchester knows Great Divan street.

It is thoroughly respectable, quiet, and dull.

"The Voice of the People" made his abode here, partly because it was nearer the chief places where his business lay.

The residence he had chosen was certainly the dullest in the street.

The rooms were small and dark; there was not even a glimpse of green at the back; and in the front was a row of houses on which the sun seldom shone.

Martin Ray did not suffer much, as he was generally from home; but to his daughters it was untold misery.

They knew and understood little of their father's politics; they thought he was a great thinker of very unequal fortune.

They had enjoyed many of the luxuries of life—now they had to bear privations; but that time would pass, and brighter days dawn.

There was little furniture in the house.

Martin Ray's study and bed-room were the two most luxurious apartments.

There was a piano in the little parlor—Martin never allowed his daughter to be without that—and here, at the close of a bright May day, the two girls sat quite alone.

There was not much sunlight in the room, but what little there was showed the faded carpet, the shabby furniture, and the beautiful faces of the girls.

Leah, whom her father in his selfishness had designed for so grand a mission, whose life was to be sacrificed to him, was just sixteen; Hettie, one year younger.

Yet there was the greatest difference between them.

Leah was beautiful, graceful, in the very spring-tide of life, with the promise of a magnificent womanhood.

Hettie, though only one year younger, seemed still a child.

She was tall, slight, and unformed.

Her face was beautiful, too, and gave promise of even greater loveliness; but, although like in feature, it differed greatly in expression from that of Leah.

Hettie had hair of pale bright gold, that was like an aureole round her head; she had eyes blue as heaven, bright, and lustrous, with hidden depths seen by no one yet.

The chief expression of Leah's face was of pride; it did not lack beauty, but it certainly lacked tenderness; while the chief loveliness of Hettie's face lay in its softness.

The one year made a wonderful difference between these two girls.

No one would have treated Leah as a child or Hettie as a woman.

The two sisters had the deepest love for each other.

They had preserved two traditions in their lives untouched; one was a loving, sorrowful memory of their mother—the other, belief in their father.

Of late this latter trait was just a little less observable.

On one or two occasions their faith had been somewhat tried; but they had been loyal—they had said no word to each other.

On this May evening they had been trying to amuse themselves.

The house was dull, but they could not leave it; the lovely sunshine lay all around, but they could not go out to see it.

They had been singing, but their fresh young voices had died away, and over them crept the weariness of restless discontent.

"Oh, Leah, how dull this is!" cried Hettie at last. "My father said yesterday that we ought to be proud to be the daughters of a patriot. If all patriots' daughters are dull as we are, I am sorry for them."

Leah went to her and threw her arms round her sister's neck; she laid her dark head against the golden one, and the two young faces close together formed a pretty picture.

"It is dull, Hettie," she said, "but I am not dull. I am trembling with excitement. I could not decide whether I should tell you or not. They say you are only a child, Hettie, but in your sweet gentle fashion you are more of a woman than I am."

Hettie laughed.

"Why do you say that, Leah?"

"It is quite true. You are not so impulsive as I am, Hettie; you are not so proud, and I lack that gentle consideration for others. You are wiser and more thoughtful than I am."

"I am not so beautiful or so noble, Leah," she cried. "What is it you have been thinking about telling me?"

"All that my father said to me. I am so miserable about it. Hettie, when I look into my own heart, I am not quite sure if I believe all that he teaches;" and the two sisters exchanged a fearful timid glance.

It was high treason indeed not to believe in him.

Hettie made no answer; she did not know or understand exactly what her father did teach.

Leah went on.

"God made the world, and He must have framed the laws for it. It seems hard to believe that it has gone wrong all the time, until our father began to set it right."

"It does seem strange," agreed Hettie.

"And now," continued Leah, "he says that I must learn to take his place. I am such a young girl, and I know so little. He has frightened me. He wants me to be a modern Judith, he says; he wants me to stand apart from the world of women. He wants to teach me to lecture—think of it, Hettie, to lecture! It seems to me that I know less than the birds of the air. I wish," she added, with a deep sigh, "that I had the freedom of a bird. I should fly away, Hettie."

"Papa wants you to lecture, Leah," said Hettie—"what a strange thing! But there are women doctors, preachers, and lecturers in these days."

"But I am only a girl of sixteen!" exclaimed Leah.

"He will not want you to begin yet; he means far on in the future, when you grow old and wise, Leah."

"No; he means now, at once, in a year's time, while I am young; and, Hettie, he says I must give my life to it—my whole life;" and the beautiful face drooped wearily on the loving one beneath.

The blue eyes opened widely, appalled at this idea.

"What would you like best to do with your life, Leah?" asked Hettie. "Tell me; I should like to know."

"I should like," with a gleam of passion in her dark eyes, "first of all, to love some one with all my heart—some one, of course, who would love me. I wish for many things, but love is first, greatest, and best. Then I should like to be rich—to have a beautiful country-house, with roses growing all round it! I love roses so much. I should like beautiful dresses, jewels, horses, and servants——"

"Just, in fact, what other girls desire," interrupted Hettie. "You are like all the rest; you do not want a mission."

"No, I do not indeed. I think I should dislike what my father calls a mission. I do not understand him; why do he and all his friends hate rich and noble people so much?"

"Perhaps," replied Hettie wisely, "because they have neither rank nor money themselves;" and then she looked somewhat shocked at her own words, and hastened to cover them. "Even if we cannot understand what my father teaches, we know it must be right, Leah. There must be reasons, and good ones too, for his hatred."

"But why should he want a republic instead of our constitution?" asked Leah. "Why should he want to take all the large estates from the men who own them, and divide them amongst others? Poor as our furniture is, would he like to divide that amongst men poorer than himself? I know he would not."

"He is a patriot, Leah," urged the younger sister, to whom Leah's remarks sounded like treason.

"Yes, I know the dictionary says that a patriot is a man who loves and serves his country. But one who loves his country would surely never care to see it destroyed by civil war, and what but civil war would ensue if they tried to put aside our present form of government and set up a republic? My instincts are all against it, Hettie."

"My father must know best," said the younger girl." Perhaps kings and queens and rich people do great wrongs of which we know nothing; and, if that be the case, my father is right to preach against them. He must be right," she said, after musing for some short time, "he is so wise and good."

Tears stood in Leah's dark eyes.

"I know what he wants, Hettie," she said; "he wants a daughter like one of those girls of whom you read in novels—'an inspired sibyl.' Now I do not feel at all like a sibyl. I cannot understand talking of people in the mass," she continued; "to me the people are all individuals, and each one can best teach and train himself. My father says that he has given his life to the people. Who are they? What have they done for him? He says I must give my life to them. What are they to me—the people? Why should I not have my life to do as I like with, Hettie? What are the people to me?"

"You would like to love some one very much," said Hettie, "and to marry—to be rich and fashionable—would you not, dear Leah?"

The beautiful face brightened.

"Yes, that I should. That is a mission far more to my taste than the one my father gives me. I wonder," she continued thoughtfully, "if it is possible to be born with what my father calls Conservative instincts. If so, I have them. All my ideas and instincts and feelings are opposed to my father's. I have never said that much before, Hettie, and I am half frightened at saying it now. If I am to have a mission at all, or to learn to lecture, it will not be as he says, but quite in another fashion. Supposing that I were old enough and wise enough to teach others, I would teach them, while they resented tyranny, to love peace, order, content, to learn obedience to proper authority, not rebellion and discontent. What would my father say to that, Hettie?"

The blue eyes sought the dark ones.

"Why, Leah," cried the child, "how is it that life has suddenly changed into a wonderful puzzle? I never thought of these things before."

"Nor did I," said Leah. "But it seems to me that for the future I shall think of nothing else."

The sun set and the moon rose over two bewildered heads that turned restlessly in sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

EVEN when Leah Ray was not under the spell of her father's teaching, she had the same shrinking, the same feeling of horror that a sensitive child has of the darkness.

Her father and his friends spoke of history; they talked of the rights of the people; they approved of secret societies; they saw nothing wrong in Fenianism, in Nihilism, or any other "ism" which displaced authority and gave power into the hands of the mobs.

Martin Ray had spoken of his plans to his confederates; they all agreed with him.

It was a novelty to have a beautiful young girl to lecture for them, one on whose lips the very honey of eloquence lingered. She was brought to her father's study, where several of his most intimate friends assembled.

It was a trying ordeal for so young a girl; one less sensible would have been flattered into compliance with their wishes.

Leah shuddered with dread.

They were grim-looking men, with determined faces; in many instances with them "history" meant murder, and the "rights of the people" assassination.

She could not understand half that passed.

Her father's friends flattered her, and told her that she would have greater and wider influence than a queen, and that she would live in the hearts and memories of the people for ever.

But she was frightened.

She had heard strange doctrines and strange words.

More than one man cried "Hush!" when he saw the girl's pale face; but Martin Ray said that no one need fear his daughter—she was one of them, and would be staunch until death.

So they spoke freely before her, and she, pale, proud, and reserved, wondered that they did not see the difference between what she was and what they wanted.

There was no nobility in their aims, no loftiness of purpose.

The girl's heart grew sick and faint as she listened, but her pale proud face gave no indication of her thoughts.

"I may soon die," said Martin Ray, as he laid his hand upon his daughter's beautiful head, "and I have spent my life for the people; but my spirit will live in this girl, who has received my doctrines from my own lips, and who will add the splendor of her own genius to my experience.

"I may live however to see my daughter the people's idol—the people's queen.

They asked Leah to give them a specimen of her powers.

She turned to her father with an appealing look, which he understood.

It would have been easier for her to die than to speak before those stern cold men.

"Not yet," said Martin Ray, looking proudly at his daughter.

"Considering the magnitude of the interests that will be committed to her charge, it is only right that you should hear her before she makes her first appearance in public.

"But she has much to learn before then. She is not ready yet."

Leah Ray had plenty of spirit—she inherited it from the Hattons; but, with all her courage, she dared not tell her father what was in her heart.

She had been indifferent at first as to what she had to do, now she hated and loathed it.

When, after midnight, her father gave her permission to leave the conclave, she went to Hettie to seek comfort and consolation.

"I can never attempt it, my darling?" she sobbed.

"Oh, Hettie, what must I do? I hate it all so. What shall I do? My father will be so angry when I tell him."

Her sister looked at her in helpless compassion.

"It seems almost a pity that you are so beautiful and so gifted, Leah," said Hettie.

Leah stood by the window, her face raised to the sky, where the golden stars were shining.

"Do you remember, Hettie," she said, "how the three Hebrews prayed in the fiery furnace?

"I am in a furnace of fire now. I stand between my own hatred of what my father wants me to do and my father's anger if I do not do it.

"Who will deliver me from it? Who will take pity on me? I am so helpless. I have no friend.

"Oh, Hettie, Hettie, I feel I must pray to Heaven to save me from this furnace of fire!"

"My darling Leah, do not cry," returned Hettie.

"If you tell our father that you do not like the plans that he has laid down for you, he will not force you to follow them."

But Leah had had a revelation of her father's character that evening which had opened her eyes.

She knew that he would not spare her—that he would force her to comply with his wishes; and, if she refused, she had a dim idea that he would make her suffer.

"I wish mamma had lived, Hettie," she said; "she would have taken care of us.

"She would never have allowed father to force me to do anything against my will. We should have been like other girls then which we are not now."

"Still, Leah, we are the daughters of a patriot," remarked loyal Hettie; and Leah, turned away with a hopeless sickness at her heart.

No sleep came to her that night.

She hated the men whom she had seen, and who persisted in flattering and praising her.

She detested their opinions and political feelings: she loathed the idea of having to meet them again and again.

If some one would but rescue her!

If something would only happen to save her from the terrible future that her father had mapped out for her!

She looked the next morning from the window of her bed-room.

There were people hurrying to and fro; the tall chimneys were smoking, showing that work was going on; there were the distant murmur and roar of the city; she saw men and women with eager faces who were evidently bent on business.

"The people!"

And what had she to do with them?

She did not even belong to them.

What had she in common with tired-looking, dirty, poorly-dressed men and women who crowded the streets?

Nothing.

Why then give her life to them or for them?

She must tell her father that all his plans for her were more than vain.

He would be at home in the afternoon: Hettie would be present, and then she could speak to him plainly on the subject.

The afternoon was close, heavy, and dull.

Out of doors the atmosphere was oppressive—in the house there was warmth without brightness; and Leah Ray with a dull pain at her heart, stood awaiting her father's return—waiting to tell him that she never could and never would become what he wished her to be.

"He will be terribly angry," she said to Hettie; "but I had better die at once then live on in agony, as I should do, Hettie, were I to accede to his plans.

"While I talk to him, pray that I may be delivered from this furnace of fire."

It was late when Martin Ray returned. He was not in the most amiable of moods; something had gone wrong amongst the delegates, and he was ruffled and angered.

"Give me my dinner," he said brusquely: and the two girls hastened to serve him. "Mind," he added half fiercely to his eldest daughter—"mind that you study well today.

"I must give you a lesson this evening; last night you did not seem so willing as I should like to have seen you.

"Understand that there is to be no shirking; you must do what I wish."

"Leah," said Hettie, trembling, "do not speak to him to-night—he is angry, you see; wait until to-morrow."

"No; I could not rest another hour," her sister replied.

She might not be a modern Judith, but she was resolute, firm, and determined.

"The Voice of the People" had dined well; he had taken up the only consolation that never failed him—his newspaper; and Leah, looking paler and more determined than she had ever looked before, went up to him.

At that moment a carriage rolled up the street and stopped at their door; then came a loud peal of the bell, which the little drudge of the house, with a very black face hastened to answer.

They heard a loud peremptory voice asking if Martin Ray was at home, and the girl's answer, "Yes."

"Give him this," said the same voice, "and tell him that I am waiting—waiting, you understand."

"Who can this be?" observed Martin Ray, with a wondering look at his daughters.

The little maid solved the mystery by appearing with a card.

"He says he's waiting," she whispered, with a nod of her head towards the door.

Martin Ray took up the card and read—"General Sir Arthur Hatton, K. C. B."

"Sir Arthur Hatton?" he murmured. "I know no such name. Hatton?"

Then memory suddenly awakened.

Was not Doris Hatton the name of the only woman he had ever loved, and who had died because he was not what she believed him to be?

Sir Arthur Hatton?

It must be some relative of hers and of the proud father who had died without forgiving his only daughter for marrying him.

Then he remembered that his wife had spoken more than once of a soldier-brother away in India.

"Ask the gentleman to walk in," he said to the servant; and the next minute General Sir Arthur Hatton was ushered in.

At the sight of the two beautiful faces he uncovered his head and bowed low.

"Are you Martin Ray, demagogue and agitator?" he asked.

"I am Martin Ray," replied the master of the house.

"I am General Hatton, the brother of the unfortunate lady whom you stole from her home."

"What is your business with me?" asked Martin Ray.

"I want the satisfaction, first of speaking my mind to you; and, secondly, I wish to know what has become of my sister's children."

Hatred flamed in both faces as the two men looked at each other; hatred flashed from their eyes.

"I have not asked you to my house," said Martin Ray, "nor do I wish to see you here. State your business quickly, and begone."

CHAPTER VII.

IT was an impressive scene.

The fine tall figure of the officer was drawn to its full height, his face was expressive of intense scorn.

Martin Ray seemed to shrink before him, and yet he faced him with a desperate kind of courage.

The two girls had drawn close together, as though seeking protection from each other.

The wan sunlight lay in yellow bars along the floor.

"I have not come hither," said General Hatton, "to bandy words with you—to seek a quarrel with you. You are one with whom no gentleman could quarrel. I have a message from the dead, and I wish to deliver it. Show me my sister's children."

"They are here," said Martin Ray, not without a certain amount of dignity—"the good children of a good mother."

General Hatton waved his hand with a gesture of scorn.

No word about his dead sister could he tolerate from the lips of the man whom he thought utterly vile and base.

He went to the girls, who stood, with fear on their faces, hand in hand.

The composed well-bred manner, the low bow, and the courteous bearing were something novel to them.

He looked into each sweet shrinking face.

"My sister's children," he said, "have you any word of welcome for me? I bring a message from your mother."

Leah freed her hand from her sister's clasp, and held it out to him.

He drew her to him, and kissed the pale young face.

She found that he was trembling with agitation and emotion.

Then he took Hettie in his arms, and kissed her also.

"I was quite a young man," he said, "when I left home, and your mother was much younger than I. She was my dearly-beloved sister, playmate, and treasure. It was a great grief to me to be obliged to part from her when I was abroad. I remember her face, and in yours I see some trace of it. What word of welcome have you for me?"

Impulsive Leah threw her arms around him, and raised her face to his.

"Welcome home, uncle," she said.

"What is your name, dear child?" he asked.

"Leah," she replied.

"Leah! It is a beautiful, sorrowful name. Why did your mother give it to you? Did she foresee a shadow in your life? You look like Leah; no other name would suit you. And your age?"

"I shall soon be seventeen," she replied, with unconscious pride in her voice.

"And you?" he continued, turning to the younger sister.

"I am Hettie," she said, "and I am nearly sixteen."

"Heaven bless you, my dear; you have a sweet face of your own! Your mother bade me—here is the letter—you can read it—she bade me, when I returned home, seek you, find you, and save you."

"Save us!" cried Leah. "From what?"

"She must have known what she was writing," replied the General. "She was sweet-tempered and never complained; but she died young, and of no complaint to which men could give a name. She was not happy, and she asked me to save you."

Martin Ray stepped forward.

"I will not allow you to speak in that fashion," he said. "Their mother loved me, and they love me; you will never set my children against me."

"I have no wish to do so," said the General coldly. "Knowing your true character, as I suspect my sister knew it before her death, I can imagine you to be quite unfit to have the charge of young girls; therefore I bring their mother's message to them, and they can make their choice."

"Why am I unfit," cried Martin Ray, his face white with rage—"in what way?"

"I judge you from your public character. You are without honor, honesty, and loyalty. You are the very ringleader of sedition; treason is a natural atmosphere to you. You live on the hard earnings of the people whom you mislead. You spread disaffection, rebellion, ruin, misery, and death wherever you go."

A low cry came from Leah's lips.

It seemed to her that these words of her uncle's gave life to a horrible spectre that had always haunted her.

"If," continued the soldier, "you were honest, I should have some respect for you. But you are an impostor. You, and such as you, live on the hard-earned pence of the men you deceive. If you give to the people, instead of taking from them, one might have some little faith in you."

"I have given my life to the cause I have at heart," rejoined Martin Ray.

"The cause of anarchy and rebellion—the cause of revolution, which you would spread like a firebrand all over the land. How many men's lives have you to answer for, Martin Ray? You have kept yourself safe; but how many men have you slain by your teaching? You have found men vain and weak, ready to listen to anything which appeared likely to lighten their burdens; and what have you taught? Did you ever teach a man to be patient, to rest content with the condition Heaven has placed him in, to work soberly, honestly, and justly? No. You taught him to long for his neighbor's property, to rebel against rightful authority, to look with envious eyes on all those above him, to brood in sullen anger until murder ran riot in his heart. Those are your doctrines."

"Whatever they are, I believe in them," said Martin Ray.

"Many young men owe their ruin and death to you," continued the General. "You have urged them to rebel; you have seen them suffer loss, seen them condemned to prison, to exile; yet you have never paused, nor taken pity, nor spared."

"I have done my duty," declared Martin Ray.

"You are not a fit person to have the charge of girls like these. You would sell them, heart and soul, to further your cause;" and Leah shrank at the words, a sudden pain piercing her heart. "You value their youth, their fresh sweet grace and beauty, only so far as they will help you and lure men to your belief whom you cannot teach yourself. I declare to Heaven," he continued passionately, "that I am relieved and grateful to find them as they are. I should not have been surprised had I discovered that you had, even young as they are, tried to make platform-orators of them."

The random shot went home to the very heart of Martin Ray, and blanched Leah's face with a great fear.

This was indeed the furnace of fire from which she had longed to be free.

"My children are my own," said Martin, "to do as I will with."

"They are not all your own," rejoined General Hatton. "A dead hand is stretched out from their mother's grave to save them. They belong to her, dead though she may be, as much as they belong to you. They have no business with you; you are no fitting guardian for them. Those two girls have good blood in their veins. Their ancestors were loyal; they gave their lives for the safety and well-being of the throne that you are trying to overthrow; they lived and died in the service of the royal race that you would destroy."

His anger seemed to increase as he went on.

"I," he continued, "make no boast. I have served my country and my Queen as an honest soldier and a loyal man. What could I have but loathing and contempt for one who is the greatest traitor and the worst foe to the Royal House that I serve? Light and darkness, day and night, should meet and embrace, rather than that I should tolerate you."

"I do not want your toleration," said Martin Ray; "indeed I have not desired the honor of this visit at all."

"I should not have paid it but that my sister asked me to save her children. She was dying when she wrote the words, and she knew best from what I had to save them."

"There is one thing you must allow me to say; you have not been in any great hurry to fulfil your sister's wishes. She has been dead some years; it must therefore be rather late to save my children, as you choose to express it."

A deep flush covered the soldier's face.

"It is true," he said, "that I have been neglectful in this matter; I reproach myself bitterly for it. When that letter came, I ought to have started for England at once; but I did not, and other interests drove the subject from my mind. I will make all the amends I can. Armed with my sister's authority, I am here by her wish to save her children from the fate that living with you, an agitator and impostor, must of necessity bring upon them."

"My children are my own," repeated Martin Ray, with difficulty repressing his passion, "and I shall keep them."

"You are unfitted for the charge. Heaven knows how they have fared hitherto; but you could never teach them to be honorable, industrious, or honest. You are a disloyal subject—you have spent some of the best years of your life in prison; what can you have to do with the training of innocent young girls?"

A cry from Leah interrupted him.

"Is it true, father?" she said. "Have you been in prison?"—while Hettie went up to him silently, and placed her hand in his.

In the midst of his shame and exposure one at least of Martin's daughters was faithful to him.

"Is it true?" repeated Leah, in a voice of anguish that smote both men with regret.

"I was a political prisoner, Leah," he replied; "and that is a very different matter from being a common felon. Kings have been political prisoners before now."

"I am not ashamed of it," yet his eyes drooped before the wistful imploring gaze of his best-loved child.

"I am not ashamed of it, Leah," he repeated.

"How is it that we did not know?" she asked. "Why did you never tell us?"

"There was no need to throw the shadow of a prison across the brightness of your lives," he replied; and he noticed, he could not help it, that while one daughter drew closer to him and kissed his hand, the other seemed to shrink farther from him.

The fatal word "prison" had shocked and terrified her.

"I am sorry I said that," interposed the General hastily.

"I did not know that your imprisonment had been kept secret from your children, or I would not have mentioned it. Your conduct was commendable, Martin Ray. I would withdraw my words if I could. I never anticipated that I should have to express regret to you; but, as there is every ground for it, I do so now willingly."

"I care little for it," said Martin Ray; but he winced as he saw the strange wistful pain on Leah's face.

"They were kept in ignorance at the time but in a few years, when they had become old enough to know and understand what political persecution, I should perhaps have told them."

"I can only repeat that I am sorry; I had not meant to betray any secret," said the General stiffly.

"Let me say what I have to say. Children, listen to me, and, as you listen, make your choice.

"Remember this, that I come to you as a messenger from the dead."

Looking into the brave kindly face, Leah wondered to herself if the answer to her many prayers was come—if he had been sent to save her from a life she had dreaded.

"I come," said the General proudly, "to make a proposition; how it will be received I know not.

"I make it in my dead sister's name. I abhor and detest the principles and teachings of Martin Ray; I hold them in such supreme contempt that I can never after this day have any communication whatever with him.

"I would rather cut off my right hand than let it touch his.

"But his children are the children of my dead sister, and I am here to make them an offer.

"I am a rich man; I have been married and my wife, in dying, left me a large fortune; besides which, all that I have undertaken has prospered.

"I have no children, no relatives save my two nieces, and consequently no one to succeed to my wealth.

"I shall never marry again; and I propose, in accordance with my sister's wishes, to adopt Leah and Hettie and treat them as daughters of my own.

"I will educate them, find a proper chaperon for them, introduce them to their proper sphere, and I will divide my money equally between them."

There was dead silence in the room.

Martin Ray grew pale.

The girls looked startled and surprised. The silence was painful until the General broke it himself.

"I need hardly say what a different life this will be for them.

"With large fortunes and the name of Hatton, they may aspire to any position, they may marry as they will.

"They will be equal to any ladies in the land.

"A brilliant future lies before them—wealth, gaiety, pleasure, all that is most bright and beautiful.

"But I will do this only on one condition; and it is to this condition that I beg you to give your best attention.

"I can hold no communication with Martin Ray.

"A soldier of the Queen and a preacher of sedition cannot join hands.

"If I adopt these children and make them my own, they must give up for ever all communication with the man who is their father; they must give up his name and take mine; they must cease to hold any intercourse with him, unless he is ill or dying.

"I can accept no half measures—it must be all or nothing."

"It is inhuman!" cried Martin Ray.

"It is natural," said the General.

"Loyalty and treason can never go hand in hand.

"Give my sister's children to me, and I will make them my own; but I will never share the charge of them with you."

There was silence again, during which one could hear the labored breathing of Martin Ray.

"That is like an aristocrat," he said.

"Remorselessly you ride rough-shod over the feelings of those whom you choose to consider as beneath you.

"Why should you seek to take my children from me?

"Why should you offer to bribe them with money and pleasure. Do you call that honorable?

"An aristocrat's notion of honor—the bribing of children to leave their father! Their mother, sweet soul, loved me until she died; they will do the same.

"Offer what you will, my children will not desert me.

"I dare you, I defy you! Double the gold that you offer, and a name twice as noble as the one you bear will not take them from me!"

"They shall speak for themselves," returned the General.

"It is a decision for life, not for a short time only.

"The fairest way is to leave it to them to make their choice."

"I am not afraid," said Martin Ray; but he wondered at the strange look on Leah's face.

"I appeal to my children; they have loved, obeyed, honored me; will they forsake me now for a stranger who confesses that he detests me?"

"I make no appeal," put in the General; "I leave it to them.

"If they will come to me, they shall be as children of my own; but they must give up all claim to you. I own that it is a momentous choice, and one most difficult to make."

Again the painful silence fell over them, unbroken this time by any sound.

The girls stood with white faces, looking from one man to the other.

"My children," said Martin Ray, "I leave it to you."

He turned away his head, too proud at that moment to let the expression of his face be seen.

"And I," said General Hatton, looking at each of his nieces, "leave it to you also. My dead sister's children, do as you will; but do not forget your mother's words."

With a cry the girls clasped their arms around each other.

In that moment they felt quite alone in the world.

How were they to make such a choice?

To Leah's mind recurred the memory of

her fervent prayers for some one who should deliver her from her "furnace of fire."

She looked into the blue eyes of her sister.

"It is what I prayed for," she whispered.

Then slowly, as the waters of a great sea divide, the two girls separated, sadly, mournfully, looking back with lingering regret, yet never faltering; and Leah, the child whom Martin Ray had loved, of whom he had been so unutterably proud, whom he had hoped to see his political successor, beautiful dark-eyed Leah, went to her uncle and laid her hand upon his.

"I prayed to Heaven for deliverance," she said, "and you have brought it. I accept your offer."

With a bitter cry Martin Ray turned to her.

There was dignity in the sorrow of his voice and face.

"You make your choice—deliberately and wilfully, Leah?"

"I make it of my own free will, father. I would have chosen death rather than the life you mapped out for me."

Loving arms were placed around his neck; a loving beautiful face was laid against his.

"I will never leave you, father," said Hettie.

"I will give my life to you."

So for some minutes they stood, the General with his arm thrown round Leah, as though from that moment he would shield her from all harm and from every one; Hettie clasping her father's neck, her face wet with tears.

"I accept your offer, uncle," said Leah, in a calm clear voice; "and I shall always believe that Heaven sent you to me."

"I will never leave you, father!" cried Hettie. My love shall make up to you for the loss of Leah!"

"I do not say that I shall cease to love my father—you have no right to imply such a thing, Hettie—but I cannot refuse to take advantage of my uncle's kindness."

"I will never leave you, father darling!" cried the younger girl. "The more they say against you, the more I will love you. I do not believe any of the accusations against you, and I love you with all my heart." It was beautiful to see the light in her face, the love in her eyes, the childish passion of wounded pride with which she clung to him, the tenderness with which the little white hand stroked and caressed him. "I would not leave you, dear," she repeated, "if he would make me queen of the whole world. I believe all that you believe. I will never be false to you. Nothing shall ever take me from you."

He was a politician—he had never considered himself a religious man—indeed his ideas on religion were worse and lower than his ideas on politics; yet he bowed his face on the golden head for some few minutes, and words not often on his lips came from them. Then he turned to the other two.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lost Child.

BY HENRY FRITH.

MAMMA, mamma!" rang out a childish voice, as a little girl of five bounded up the stairway and burst into her mother's room, "Naomi's going to draw the baby in the park again to-day. May I go with her?"

"Yes, darling, but be careful and keep with her."

"Oh, yes, I'll remember."

And with a kiss the little girl sped down the stairs, and out on to the pavement, where a tidy servant girl waited, with an elegant baby carriage, in which, proudly erect, sat Master Freddy Temple, a sturdy little chap of a year old.

He and the little girl were richly dressed, showing they came from a home of wealth.

The pavement was crowded, and Kittie kept close to the side of her attendant until they entered the park.

Turning into a quiet walk, they pursued their way under the shady trees, where numbers of nurses were giving their young charges an airing.

Kittie ran hither and thither, laughing and shouting in glee, at first keeping near Naomi, but gradually wandering farther away as the girl paused to chat with an acquaintance.

As Kittie danced down the path, which made an abrupt turn, and was lost in a mass of shrubbery, she was accosted by a respectable-looking woman, who was standing with a man in the shade of the bushes.

"Oh, what a pretty child! What is your name, dear?"

"Kittie Temple, ma'am."

"A pretty name, too. Don't you want to see some lovely flowers out here?"

"Yes, ma'am, but mamma said I must not leave Naomi," answered the child, looking back, but the turn hid her from view.

"Oh, you'll be but a moment, and I'll take care of you."

Kittie followed the woman into the thicket, when suddenly the man drew a handkerchief saturated with chloroform from his pocket, nd clapped it over her mouth, and in a moment poor Kittie was unconscious.

"Quick, before she is missed," said the man.

The woman opened a little traveling satchel, took out a pair of sheare, and with two clips the smooth braids of hair were severed, and a bristling mass alone remained.

The embroidered white dress, with the gold chain and locket were hastily removed, their place supplied by a plain gingham dress, a white sun-bonnet replaced the gaily-trimmed hat, the short hair covered the face, and the man lifted her in his arms, placed her head on his shoulder, and she looked like a tired child fallen asleep.

Thrusting the child's garments into the satchel, the pair plunged through the shrubbery, and took their way leisurely towards the park entrance, the man remarking to a group of laborers as he passed:

"My little girl is tired, and has fallen asleep."

Once out in the crowded thoroughfare, they passed swiftly along, going through alleys and cross-streets, and at last reached a respectable-looking three-story house, opened it with a latch-key and entered, the woman pausing at the door, and glancing up and down the street to see if they were observed.

When Kittie awoke from her stupor it was night, and she was lying on a comfortable bed in a strange room, a lamp burned on the table, and the woman she had seen in the park sat reading.

The child lay for a few moments looking about on her new surroundings with a bewildered feeling, then a cry of—

"Mamma, oh, mamma!" burst from her lips.

The woman laid down her book and came to the bed.

"So you have waked up. How do you feel?"

Kittie shrank from her, and repeated her cry.

"Hush, you shall be taken to your mamma in a day or two."

"But I want to go now," sobbed Kittie.

"You can't to-night. Here, sit up and eat some supper, then go to sleep again like a good girl."

But the child could not eat, and lying back among the pillows, she cried herself to sleep, and did not wake until after day-light the next morning, when she was too weak and languid to care to move.

She lay listlessly looking at the paper on the wall, refusing to eat or talk; only the cry of—

"Mamma, oh, mamma!" fell from her lips.

In vain the woman, who stayed by her nearly all the time, tried to tempt her appetite by little delicacies, or get her to notice the nice toys she had brought her.

At last, fearing the child would be really ill, she summoned her husband.

"See here," he said, approaching the bed, "you have got to eat something. We can't have you sick on our hands."

Lifting the child to a sitting posture, he took a plate containing a slice of toast and a nice bit of chicken, and placing it before her, commanded her to eat it.

The frightened child obeyed, and then lay down again, feeling stronger for the food she had taken.

Towards evening she fell into a quiet sleep which lasted some hours.

She awoke suddenly with a sense of fear as she saw a strange face bending over her, and would have cried out, but a hand was laid gently on her lips.

"Whist! don't be afraid; it's not the likes of me that would hurt you."

"Who are you?" asked the child, looking curiously at the ungainly lad of twelve who bent over her.

"Well, they call me the arrant-bye of this establishment, bad luck to the same. Me ould mither calls me Mike."

"Oh, Mike, take me home to mamma."

"And sure that's jest what I intend to do. I heard ye crying pitiful like, and I know it was the same swate voice that has ha'nted me for months."

"I never saw you before," said Kittie.

"There ye're mistaken. Don't you remimber last Christmas when you and Miss Graham were out walking, a chap about me size had the misfortin to fall on the ice and spill his praties? Miss Graham laughed, but you said—'Poor bye, I'm afraid he's hurt,' and you stopped and gave me a paper of candy. 'Twas the first kind word I've had for years, and I've asked all the saints to bless ye're swate face ivery night since. Now can ye tell me your pa's name?"

"I don't know what any one called him, only mamma called him darling."

Mike laughed.

"Didn't he have a handle to his name?"

"A what?" asked Kittie, in amazement.

"A handle, such as Captain, Esquire, or something like."

"Oh yes; I've heard gentlemen call him Squire Temple."

"He's the chap."

And Mike brought his hand down on his knee.

"There's lots of posters up. Squire Temple offers two hundred dollars reward for his little girl, won't I chate the ould thaives out of gitting it? They think he'll double the offer and they'll produce the child. Ooh, there'll be a rich scene when they get home from the theayter and find the bird flown.

"Now, mavourneen, can you dress yerself in double quick?"

Kittie sprang up with eagerness, but her head whirled and she would have fallen to the floor if Mike had not caught her.

"Ooh, sure they've almost kilt ye with their treatment," said the kind-hearted lad, as he awkwardly helped her dress.

The gingham dress and sun-bonnet were donned with a dissatisfied air by the little girl.

Then Mike wrapped the fragment of a shawl round her shoulders, and hurried her downstairs and out into the street.

Here they pursued their way as rapidly as Kittie's strength would allow.

Once a policeman stopped them and asked Mike where he was going and what child he had.

"It's me little sister got strayed away, and I'm taking her home to me mither," said the ready-tongued Mike, and hurried on.

"Oh, there's my home!" said Kittie joyfully, as Mike paused in front of a splendid mansion that looked dark and forsaken, only one light gleaming from a chamber window.

They mounted the steps, and the boy rang the bell with such energy as to bring the whole household to the door.

Kittie rushed in, screaming:

"Papa, mamma, I'm here!"

The voice penetrated Mrs. Temple's room where she was lying completely prostrated, and with her physician in attendance.

She sprang from her bed, and, in spite of remonstrance, rushed to the hall, clasped her child in her arms, then fainted.

Naomi was wild with joy.

She had been severely blamed for losing sight of the child.

As soon as the tumult subsided, Mr. Temple questioned Mike, who told all he knew, and offered to guide the police to the house of his employers.

They were just in season to secure Mr. and Mrs. Paige, who, on returning from the theatre, had found their charge gone, and fearing exposure they were making preparations for flight.

The child's clothes, found in a closet, corroborated Mike's testimony.

It is sufficient to say they received their just deserts.

Mr. Temple interested himself in the poor Irish lad, and sent him out to his country residence as an assistant to the gardener, and every summer Kittie carried him some token of her gratitude.

Mr. Temple, deeming it but fair he should have the reward, placed it at interest for him, and when he comes of age he will have a nice little sum for a rosy-cheeked Bridget and himself to commence housekeeping on.

Aunt Polly's Room.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

LOVE in a cottage, stuff and nonsense," said Mrs. Meredith, in the curt petulant tone which denoted years of grinding poverty, petty annoyances, and blighting cares.

"Mary, I think you ought to know better."

"But, aunt Polly, why shouldn't people love one another as well in a kitchen as a palace?" pleaded Mary Meredith, a bright-eyed girl of nineteen who was plaiting up a new trimming for the old cashmere dress which had already been "turned" twice.

"They don't," dryly retorted aunt Polly. "That's all I know about it.

"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window."

"Then it can't be real love," said Mary, very decidedly.

"I know that I should be happy with Charley anywhere, even if we hadn't a carpet to the floor, or a curtain to the window."

"Fiddle-de-dee," said Mrs. Meredith.

"That's all you know about it. That's just exactly what I thought when I married your uncle Cyril.

"Folks said that old Benaiah Meredith was a rich miser, and that, sooner or later, your uncle Cyril would inherit all his property.

"So he did, such as it was—this old tumble-down house, half-a-dozen or so of sterile acres, and the 'Genealogical Family Tree' mounted on parchment and emblazoned in different colors.

"But I didn't think of that. I was a foolish school-girl in love, and, like all the rest of them, I married in haste and repented at leisure.

"And here I am, at forty, a broken down old woman with your uncle Cyril helpless and bedridden upstairs.

"To me he is a care and a burden. To him I am a slave.

"There, do you hear his cane rapping on the floor upstairs?

"That is a signal for me to drop everything and hurry to him at once.

"Get married, Mary; do, if you want to enter into just such wretched slavery, at once."

Mary Meredith was silent.

Aunt Polly had never spoken her mind quite so plainly before.

Was it then true that aunt Polly had once been a rosy dimpled young thing like herself, with a heart full of vague anticipations, a soul half unfolded like the convolvulus buds?

Would life treat her with the same unrelenting cruelty?

Would Charley Franklin ever shrivel into a snarling old bundle of skin and bones like uncle Cyril in the great bed upstairs?

And as she pondered Aunt Polly came briskly downstairs again with a gruel-cup in her hand.

"Don't I hear the ragman's bells?" said she, peering out of the white-curtained window.

"Yes, it's Abram Seeley, with his old grey horse, just coming up the road. Get the white rags, Mary, quick, and I'll run for the old newspapers and books."

"But uncle Cyril didn't want any of the old books to be sold, Aunt Polly," remonstrated Mary Meredith.

"Your uncle Cyril never wants anything to be touched," sharply retorted Mrs. Meredith.

"He'd let the old trash of the house accumulate half-ceiling high, if he had his way.

"And as for those battered old 'Rollin's Histories,' he never has so much as taken them off the shelf since old uncle Benaiah died.

"And I mean to turn them into money, to buy good stout yarn for his winter stockings.

"Are the white rags ready, Mary? Then call to Abe Seeley while I go after the books."

And Mary stood by, scarcely disapproving, yet powerless to remonstrate, while the mildewed old volumes of 'Rollin's Ancient History' were sold off at three cents.

"It's a shame," said she, "to sell those books for such a sum as that."

"I'd like to know what possible use they can be to us," said Mrs. Meredith tartly.

"Books is books," said Abe Seeley, a philosophical individual with a leathery complexion and only one leg.

"But, to be sure, folks prefers poetry and romances nowadays.

"They ain't just partial to ancient history, so far as my experience goes.

"Fifty dollars, that there last lot, Mrs. Meredith."

"And three-quarters," cried Mrs. Meredith.

"Three-quarters at the very least, Abram Seeley."

"Call it fifty dollars," said the one-legged itinerant.

"It's the covers of the books as weighs heavy, Meredith, and that's where the paper mills don't allow a fellow anything."

"You're cheating me," said the lady severely.

"I'm cheating myself, Mrs. Meredith," said Abe Seeley fervently.

"Land of gracious! there's days as I don't fairly clear my expenses."

This was in the sultry glow of the September noontide.

At sunset, the rag-wagon stopped alongside of Deacon Franklin's old mill, where Charley, the deacon's eldest son, in his broad straw hat and working-costume was drawing a bucketful of cold sparkling water.

"Never was so mortal thirsty in all my life," said Abe Seeley, as he reached out for the gourd shell.

"Well, Charley Franklin, have you finished that there course of divinity lectures yet?"

"What's that you've got in your wagon, Abram?" said young Franklin. Books? I didn't know you dealt in general literature."

"All's fish as comes to my net," said Abe Seeley, with a grin.

"'Rollin's Ancient History,' eh?" said Franklin, carelessly taking up a volume. "Is the set complete?"

"Every blessed volume," nodded the rag-vendor. "Don't ye want to trade for them, Charley Franklin? I'll sell 'em to you cheap."

Young Franklin was a book-lover—he glanced longingly at the ancient covers.

"What do you call cheap?" said he.

And then and there began a diplomatic course of bargaining, from which Bismarck himself might have profited.

Charley Franklin, being thoroughly in earnest, was at a disadvantage however, and although he secured the coveted literary treasure, he still felt that he had been cheated.

While Abram Seeley went rejoicing on his way, muttering to himself:

"That wasn't such a poor bargain, that there wasn't."

* * * * * *

"Ten thousand dollars! Oh, Charley, ten thousand dollars!" cried Mary Meredith, in accents of incredulous delight. "You are rich, Charley. You can go on with your divinity lectures now, and we can be married whenever we please."

"Doesn't it seem exactly like a fairy tale?" said Franklin, with a smile. "To think that I read through four of the battered old volumes before I came to the one in which the ten thousand dollars were neatly flattened out between the leaves, touched with the least possible speck of gum arabic, at the four corners, to prevent them from falling out."

"What!" cried aunt Polly. "Ten thousand dollars? What on earth are you talking about, Charley Franklin?"

"About some old volumes that I bought last September—just before your husband died, you know—out of a rag wagon," explained Franklin.

"I got them at a bargain, for they were real antiquities in their way; and I'm trying to get a little classical library together, by degrees, and, gummed between the leaves of volume five, I found these old bank-notes."

Mrs. Meredith stared, then grew alternately red and pale.

"You—you didn't tell us the name of the book," she gasped, instinctively putting her hand up to her throat.

"Didn't I?" said Charley. "I thought of course, I had mentioned it.

"It was history—'Rollin's Ancient History.'"

Mrs. Meredith gave a grasp at Mary's arm to keep herself from falling.

"Mary!" she ejaculated. "Mary, it was the very pile of old books that I sold myself—uncle Benaiah's books.

"It was uncle Benaiah's hoarded fortune that I flung into the rag-wagon that day."

"What does it matter, aunt Polly," said Mary, "if it comes back to the original owner again?

"Of course, if it is yours, Charley will restore it to you at once."

"Of course I shall," young Franklin declared, when matters had been explained to him.

"Do you think I could for an instant retain money which was not rightfully my own?"

"But it is yours," said Mrs. Meredith, recovering herself. "Yours by bona fide purchase and sale.

"Let it go. Uncle Benaiah's money! It has only blighted my life with hopes unfulfilled and ambition that never was satisfied.

"My poor old husband died, and never knew that it was his, and I shall be better off without it.

"Take it, you and Mary. Make yourself a home with it, and Heaven grant that it may be a happy one."

And so the young people took her at her word, and were happy.

But in the prettiest southern angle of the little Gothic cottage, which the young clergyman inhabits, is a nook, which is always called:

"Aunt Polly's room."

And after life's day of drudgery and disappointment, the sunset is closing brightly down upon aunt Polly's heart.

For Mary, her darling, is happy.

And in the reflected sunshine of Mary's brow aunt Polly finds her own well-spring of peace.

A Broken Chain.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

SHE sat on a great gray stone, very close to the low, sobbing music of the waves, looking far out on old Ocean's crested billows, her dimpled cheek resting in one soft rosy palm, while a far-away look beamed in her passionate, soul-thrilling eyes.

Elise Snow had had her dream of love, but it had receded farther and still farther away from her, until it had almost faded from sight.

Three years ago Gerald Boutelle had spent the summer in the village of Castleton, regaining his health, lost by a winter's dissipation, and making love to and winning a heart that was far too pure and confiding for association with such a man.

It had been the same sweet, beguiling story told by the old gray rock, the same worthless promises, the same heartbreaking parting, that are so familiar to all, and with many a sad experience.

For one year innocent Elise looked for his coming with faithful trusting, waiting for a word from the absent one.

He was not false, Elise thought, but dead.

He would never return to her, but she could go to him with the lingering dew of the first love-kiss fresh upon her lips.

Did she regret the bright summer that had come and gone, leaving only an aching void?

No, no; far from it.

Had Gerald Boutelle, with his irresistible blonde beauty, never crossed her path the throne in her heart had been erected for naught; the crown-jewel, studded with devotion and faith, left to crumble away and form a ruined and tenantless edifice.

The foamy waves crept higher and higher, until they almost touched the hem of her dainty muslin dress, while the spray dashed a shower of sparkling diamonds over the dark-haired maiden, still looking out and dreaming of the future—not an earthly future, but a bright hereafter far up and beyond the blue sky that seemed to dip its azure mantle in the dancing waves.

A tiny white speck caught Elise's eye, and she watched it mechanically as it came nearer to the shore.

Soon the low, mournful boom of a signal-gun announced a ship in distress.

In an instant the fearful storm of the night before occurred to her mind, and she knew full well that this must be a noble ship that had received its death-warrant from the old storm-king, and was aimlessly drifting with the tide.

By the time the second gun had sounded its mournful call the beach was thronging with eager villagers, ready to do and dare to save the lives on the doomed ship.

The boats were soon launched, manned, and ready to start—in fact, were pushing off when Elise sprang forward, begging to go with them.

There was no danger, she argued, and she might possibly be of some assistance.

The slightest wish of little Snowbird, as the villagers called her, was an unquestionable command to them, and she was permitted to go.

They soon reached the ship, and Elise was lifted on board, eager to do something to prove to all that they could not have gotten along without her.

Down in the cabin all was confusion.

Each was anxious to be first to leave the sinking ship, and, since help had come, all wanted to take some prized luggage, and in their eagerness thought it possible.

I said "all;" not so.

Away to the extreme end of the cabin a little group attracted Elise's attention.

A beautiful lady, whose fair hair swept the floor, lay on a sofa, while a gentleman, clasping a wee toddling one in his arms, knelt with bowed head, careless of all around.

Was it instinct or true womanly sympathy that caused Elise to turn from those self-reliant ones and offer her assistance to the bowed form before her?

As the little one, who could not fully understand its father's trouble, caught sight of Elise, it stretched forth its dimpled hands, crying:

"Papa, lady tum an' help mamma."

At the words of the child the gentleman turned and looked up.

"Little Elise! Snowbird!" he cried. "Is it thus we meet again?"

Every pulse of her body stood still, then burned and quivered with fever-heat.

She tried to steady her voice, but failed.

"Gerald, who is it?—and is it death?"

He would have given worlds, if it were possible, if he could have truthfully answered, "She is my sister," but with those honest, soul-searching eyes looking into his he could not deny the mother of his child, "She was my wife, Snowbird, and now our little is motherless."

"Oh, Gerald!"

Elise said no more, but all the words in the English language could not have described her feelings better.

Reproach, surprise, almost belief, arrayed themselves in that one pitiful cry.

She turned away her head.

She could not endure the sight of that fair, cold beauty whom Gerald had called wife, although she were cold in death.

What could it mean?

Had he been false?

A low moan of anguish told how bitter that thought would be.

No, no; it could not be!

Circumstances had forced him to marry another.

He could explain all, she knew.

Then woman's standard—faith—came to the rescue, and she put forth her hand, while her low, sweet voice caused Gerald to look again.

"Gerald, it is all over. May I help you now?"

He did not need to inquire what was all over.

Too well he knew the struggle that had swept like an overwhelming flood over that trembling soul, and left nothing but pity and forgiveness.

He could not understand; it did not seem possible that any woman could love a man so unselfishly that after he had wrecked her life she could under the trying circumstances offer her assistance without a word of reproach.

"Yes, Elise; you may help me. Take my baby-girl, and Heaven will bless you."

"But you must come, Gerald. There is room for all in the boat. We will take the lady on shore and bury her there."

Elise could not say "your wife" yet; the wound was too deep, the blow had been too sure.

She gave orders for the removal of the dead, with Gerald's baby clasped close in her arms, like one talking in her sleep.

It was all like a troubled dream that she must awake from soon.

She never rightly remembered how they reached the shore and what happened after—how Gerald's wife was laid to rest by the old gray rock; they said it had been her wish; nothing seemed real but Gerald at the old tryst-place by her side.

She had come out to the rock to-night for the first time since she had sat and listened to the signal-gun from the sinking ship.

As she sat reviewing as best she could the last four days, Gerald came and stood by her side, looking so pale and worn.

"Elise, I have something to tell you," he said, sitting down by her side. "Are you willing to listen?"

"Yes, Gerald, I am willing to listen," she said, repeating his words in a low, caressing tone; "it is best that I should know how it all happened."

"Snowbird, let me begin three years ago, when I stood on this old stone holding your hand in mine and saying the word farewell. Heaven knows, I intended no harm when I told my love and won your trusting heart. It was like 'drifting with the tide,' and it would have been like 'pulling against the stream' to have fled from your coy, sweet presence when, in your innocence and trust, you could not hide your love from me. I was but mortal, Elise, and failed to do my duty. I left you with a promise of a speedy return, when you would be all the world to me. And how did I fulfil that promise? I will tell you, Snowbird, although I hide my head in shame. I was engaged to be married when I won your love, but, Elise, I forgot it in your sweet, bewildering love. I returned home and fulfilled that engagement, trying to think that you would prove as false as I. Even that would have been a consolation. My bride loved me truly and tenderly, and in due time, after baby Maude came, I almost thought that love was fully returned. I filled her life: I made her happy at least, for which I thank Heaven now! We had been on the Continent a year, and were returning home up the Mediterranean, when our ship was caught in a fearful storm. In a sudden lurch of the ship my wife was hurled from my side, and her head coming in contact with something, I know not what, she was instantly killed. I knew nor cared for nothing more until I heard your voice calling me back to life and reality, and felt your hand clasped in mine. Snowbird, you have heard my story. Now I am going away. Will you keep my baby Maude while I am away, and will you try to forgive and forget my error of the past?"

A wild thrill of joy ran like fire through her veins.

He was only asking what was the desire of her life to do, and she reached out her hand blindly towards him.

"Yes, Gerald, I will take little Maude, and care for her until you come to claim your own. I have already forgiven you, and I will try to forget."

Gerald pressed those small hands very closely in his, and through reverence for the dead and respect for the living he looked his caress and turned away.

* * * * *

One year had passed, freighted with its joy and woe.

To Elise it had been very sweet.

Maude, with her baby ways, had crept in and filled the aching void that Gerald's absence had made, and to-night, the anniversary of his departure, she stands on the old gray rock clasping Maude's dimpled hand in hers, waiting for—what?

Through the low music of the waves came a voice—a voice that she had not heard for one year.

It said, "Elise, I have come to claim my own. Is it all mine, or only a part? Is it to be but a tiny ray of light, or one eternal day? Tell me, Snowbird; am I asking too much?"

"No, Gerald, all is yours," said Elise, a glad smile lighting up her fair face; "I have learned to forget."

Gerald clasped her in his arms; he had that right now.

And he knew and felt that he was a better man for passing under the chastening rod, while Elise found love was just as perfect after the gathering up of the broken chain.

TAKING AN OATH.—The followers of certain creeds object from conscientious scruple to the usual verbal oath, holding that it is impious to take words of such awful sanctity upon the lips in connection with secular matters. These, notably the Quakers, make a simple affirmation, none the less binding in law, though it is said (and one can well believe) that no conviction of perjury upon an affirmation has yet been known. Jews are sworn upon the Old Testament, Mohammedans upon the Koran, and we occasionally witness a curious scene in our law courts when some special and exceptional form of oath is rendered necessary by the nationality of the witness, as, for example when a Chinaman breaks a saucer, or a disciple of Zoroaster gives his replies with hand uplifted over a torch. It may be noted, however, that in China there are several forms of attestation in vogue, according to the rank or dignity of him who swears; while in Japan, oaths are taken vicariously by the bonzes or priests, who are paid for doing so according to a fixed tariff, which is regulated correspondingly to the vehemence or importance of the vow. Mohammedans, too, swear by other than the Koran, all more or less holy in their faith—by the Prophet and his beard, by the beards of their fathers and grandfathers, and by their own, and by the horses descended from the Prophet's favorite steeds. The Koran itself abounds with cautions against false or trivial swearing, and inculcates strongly the sacredness of an oath. In French courts of justice the witness raises his hand to heaven while making his avowal. This seems to be one of the earliest, if not the original ceremony; there is something natural and intuitive about the action, for we practice it almost unconsciously when making a solemn assertion under the influence of strong emotion. Its significance is easily recognized. The Indians on the Isthmus of Panama bow their heads to the earth in swearing; Kaffirs are said, by early African travelers, to swear by two peeled sticks placed cross-wise—from which it is even inferred that they might have some ancient tradition of the Christian religion; and the remnant of fetich-worshippers which still lingers in some parts of Jamaica and a few other West India islands, trace circles on the ground with the finger smeared in their own blood, in token of the ghastly obligations imposed upon them.

THE BURIED ALIVE.—The Order of the Buried Alive, in Rome, is a remnant in the life of to-day.

The London *Queen's* correspondent had the privilege of an entrance within, one after another, the five iron doors, and of talking with the superior though the thick swathing of a woolen veil, but ordinary communication with the convent is carried on through the barrel, which fills an opening in the wall. Over the barrel is written: "Who will live contented within these walls let her leave at the gate every earthly care." You knock at the barrel, which runs slowly around till it shows a section like that of an orange from which one of the quarters has been cut out. You speak to the invisible sister, who asks your will, and she answers you in good Italian and cultivated intonation. You hear the voice quite distinctly, but as if it were far, far away. She is really separated from you only by a slender slice of wood, but she is absolutely invisible. Not the smallest chink is visible between you and her. Sound travels through the barrier, but sight is absolutely excluded. These nuns live on charity, keeping two Lents in this year—one from November to Christmas, the other the ordinary Lent of Catholic Christendom. Living, therefore, on charity, they eat whatever is given to them, saving "flesh meat," during the fasting time. If you take them a cake or a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, a roll of chocolate bon-bons, a basket of eggs, it is all good for them. They must be absolutely without food for twenty-four hours before they may ask help from the outside. And when they have looked starvation in the face, when they may ring a bell which means:—"Help us! we are famishing!"

HUMAN BELIEF.—There are limits in human belief. You believe what the candidate says on the stump; you may believe what a man tells you in a horse trade; you may believe the army liar and you may believe the snake liar, but when a man takes his cigar from his lips, and, with a guileless, simple relix of a place and date, starts in on a trout story, bar and bolt and lock and double lock the gates of your belief when he gets to the place. Don't believe a single solitary trout, not though it weighs less than a pound. Under the shadow of the trout truth dies, and the man who fishes four days and only books one lone trout, so small that he loses it in his empty basket, comes home the biggest liar of them all.

Scientific and Useful.

GAS IN CARS.—Gas has been successfully introduced as an illuminant on the street cars of the British metropolis. The holder, which is charged at the end of every night trip, is placed under the seats.

VANILLA.—A mode of manufacturing artificial vanilla out of pine sap has been discovered by a German. The article from which the vanilla is made is known as coniferin, and exists in all pines and firs. The sap is scraped from the trees, boiled and evaporated. It is then filtered and pressed, and allowed to dry. The residuum is the artificial vanilla.

ENGRAVINGS.—Another way of utilizing good wood-cuts or steel engravings which may be water-stained or yellow with age, is to put them on a piece of glass with varnish, rub the paper off when dry, and then pour over it a thin mixture of plaster of Paris, which may be left white, or tinted with a delicate pink, blue or cream-color. This makes a most beautiful picture, worth half a dozen cheap chromos, and will have the charm of being the result of your own labor.

DECAYING VEGETATION.—The secret cause of the sickness of many a country house is in the germinating of decaying vegetables contained therein. Diphtheria, typhoid and scarlet fevers have their origin in cellars, more particularly in the country than in the city, because many farmers use their cellars as store-houses for fruit and vegetables liable to decay. Clear them all out, whitewash freely, throw pulverized sulphate of iron, (copperas) all around the floor; it serves the double purpose of disinfection and making the place uncomfortable for rats.

LIME IN MINING.—There is a new method of mining coal at the Shipley collieries, Derbyshire, England. Lime in a caustic state is ground to a fine powder and consolidated by a pressure of about 40 tons into the form of cartridges, 2½ inches in diameter, having a grove along the side. These are then packed into air-tight boxes to protect them from damp, and are ready to convey to the mine for use. The shot-holes having been drilled, an iron tube one-half inch in diameter, having a small grove on the upper side, and provided also with perforations, is inserted in each hole. The tube is inclosed also in a bag of calico, which covers the perforations and one end, and it has a tap fitted on to the other end. The cartridges are then put into the holes and tamped. A flexible tube connected with a pump discharges water into each pipe. Soon the action of the water on the lime produces an enormous pressure which forces the coal asunder.,

Farm and Garden.

THE ROSES.—Cuttings or slips of the hardy roses will strike very easily in July and August. If you wish to experiment now take off the slips with a very little of the old wood, compress wet sand very closely about the lower ends of the cuttings. Examine the roots in two or three weeks. If they have begun to throw out roots, transplant carefully and shade them from the heat of the sun.

SHEEP.—It is said that foot-rot and other diseases to which sheep are subject occur much less often among flocks which are pastured on rather rough ground, and particularly where they have to climb hills to get their grazing. In Scotland, the great sheep country of Europe, the sheep are always found in greatest numbers among the mountain ranges. The famous Southdowns also have a rough country to pasture on, upon the steep, rugged chalk hills of the South of England.

TULIPS AND HYACINTHS.—If the roots of tulips and hyacinths are left in the bed where they have bloomed and the stalks cut after blooming and the bed sufficiently protected in the winter there will be an annual blooming. The reason why hyacinths that are flowered in water-glasses are exhausted and make so poor a growth is that the flowers and stems are produced at the expense of the bulb, and this is not renewed in any way. When grown in rich soil this exhaustion does not occur and the bulbs are able to bloom repeatedly.

HORNLESS CATTLE.—As the horns are being bred off the beef cattle, those designed for the dairy are receiving the same attention, and we have for milking qualities the Norfolks, a red breed, and the Suffolks, which are white, both of which have their admirers. The value of the hornless breeds consists in their quiet habits, absence of offensive weapons, which lessens the liability of injuring each other, the demand for smaller space in stabling them and the greater facility with which they can be transported by rail.

WASHING FRUIT TREES.—There are insects common to all trees, and it is only by constant care that we can get satisfaction from our trees. On the pear and apple there is a scale insect which attaches itself to the bark and injures the trees if allowed to remain. It is known that any greasy matter is death to insects. Thus there are many compounds of this nature used for washing trees. Kerosene oil for hard wood has been used with success by many persons, but it must not get on the foliage. One form of wash is made by adding one pound of whale oil soap to three gallons of warm water, stirring well and applying with a stiff broom or brush. The trunk should be rubbed thoroughly and hard, to remove as much as possible of loose bark, so that the liquid may reach every part of the surface.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 15, 1882.

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HEALTHY LIFE.

The indispensableness of pure air in order to the enjoyment of high health was not appreciated in days gone by, and this branch of knowledge has become much more important in its scientific aspect since the introduction of plumbing, and elaborate sewerage, and cellar furnaces, and double windows, and anthracite coal-burning, and gas lighting, and numberless other improvements which have come in with the advance of civilization. But yet, just for the want of that knowledge, we read of "great plagues" that depopulated whole districts in a day, and the systematic exclusion of fresh air from the sick chamber sent myriads of people to their graves who would have escaped if they had only been left to the curative resources of nature.

It is a noticeable fact that the most efficient remedies adopted in our day for the cure of fevers, such as fresh air and sunlight, ice and cold water, stimulants and nourishing food, were, not very long ago, resolutely denied the suffering patient, no matter how strongly his instincts might crave them. In former days the professional *bleeder* was habitually called in to sap the fountain of life whenever the stream began to move slowly.

There are certain classes of persons who are peculiarly exposed to deleterious atmospheric influences, and it is not easy to see how this evil can be avoided. When the work to be done is of such a nature as to require that the room should always be closed, and the atmosphere is likely to become charged with the noxious gases and poisonous dust and irritating filaments, the workman can hardly expect to fill out the full measure of his days. The atmosphere of an ordinary factory is bad enough, and a prominent manufacturer once said that he could not bear to punish or even awaken the young people in his employ when they fell asleep in the mill. How they manage to keep awake at all in such a mephitic atmosphere is a mystery, for the incessant clatter of the machinery, when one is used to it, operates as a soporific. It is true that the human system has a strange facility in adapting itself to untoward surroundings, and the heart will keep on beating when one might suppose that it might soon collapse and stop for ever.

We all know what mischief the air can do when it goes off on one of its swift and awful journeys and rides on the wings of a tornado and the hurricane; but this is a work of destruction over which man has no control, and for which of course he is not responsible. It is, however, when the atmosphere is most peaceful and quiet that it does its deadliest work. It takes up out of the damp earth, and the decaying pile of vegetable and animal life, seeds of death, which no eye can discern or art of analysis detect, and they are wafted in through the doors and the windows of the abodes where men are waking and where they are sleeping, and soon they are called to sleep the sleep which knows no waking. For this evil we are, however, in a degree responsible; and if, by our neglect, we allow the atmosphere to become charged with these seeds of death, we must make up our minds to see the strong men and fair women die before their time, and our children laid in the earth before the bud has blossomed. We are somewhat wiser in sanitary matters than our fathers were, and whenever we are ready to recognize fairly and fully the laws of health, and keep everything sound and clean, and insist that all others shall do the same, a large part of our prevailing sicknesses and ailments will be known only as a thing of the past.

SANCTUM CHAT.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the higher clergy of the Church of England were often great card players. Nowadays a card-playing prelate is hardly to be found, though Bishop Ellicot, of Gloucester, deftly handles the cue. The famous polemical debater, Phillpotts, of Exeter, was the last eminent lawn-sleeved whist player. The Cardinals, too, have given up cards.

—

RECENT discoveries in Indiana gives a much more recent date to the mastodon than has been generally assigned. In one skeleton the marrow of the huge bones was still capable of use, and the kidney fat was replaced by lumps of adipocere. In another, found in Illinois, there was every evidence that it had lived upon the vegetation of the present day—upon the grasses and herbs that now grow in the vicinity.

—

AN attempt is to be made to restore some of the former characteristics of the Russians, evidently with the intention of getting rid of foreign influences which have been gaining ground for some time. As a first step in the work it has been ordered that the present uniform of the army shall be changed to the ancient costume, which consisted of a sheepskin cap, a loose coat without buttons, and baggy trousers gathered into high boots.

—

MATTHEW ARNOLD says that we Americans, with a few exceptions, are a middle class people. It is true that the bulk of our population are neither high nor low, though we are reinforced yearly by nearly a million of the lower orders of Europe. Social distinctions in England are made by law. Its society is a highly artificial one, and many of those whom caste ranks high might find their true position below even the middle class. In education, religion and manners the Englishman is a highly artificial being. He is classified and labelled and kept in his place by an artificial system of society. Americans, on the contrary, are distinguished by their individualism. Untrammelled by caste each individual works out his own destiny. No class is artificially depressed or elevated. Hence a broader uniformity than prevails in older countries, where men are born into classes from which it is almost impossible to escape.

—

As a result of vivisection in the cases of epileptic fits proceeding from injury to the brain, surgeons have been able to localize the injury, and, by trepaning, to remove it; whereas, prior to the researches by the vivisectionists, the trepaning, if done at all, was done at random. It has also been of great use in enabling the profession to indicate the locality of pus in the case of an abscess in the brain, or the situation of a tumor.

—

EVERY person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then, by comparing it when he is ailing he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child, as now and then a person is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 140; a child of 7 about 80 and from 20 to 60 years is 70 beats a minute; declining to 60 at fourscore. A healthy grown person's pulse beats 70 times a minute. There may be good health down to 60, but if the pulse always exceeds 70 there is a disease, the machine is working itself out; there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself; as in consumption, when the pulse is quick, that over 70, gradually increasing, with decreasing chances of cure, until it reaches 110 or 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over 70 for months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected. There are, however, peculiar constitutions in which the pulse may be over 70 in health.

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BACKBONE is an element of which half the individuals we meet daily on this mundane sphere are destitute. While doubtless in possession of a spinal column, physically speaking, many are deplorably deficient in will-power and painfully weak in moral strength. When one sees a fellow-moral with no decided views, hardly daring to call his soul his own, willing and anxious to change his opinion with every ebb and flood of the popular tide, cringing to others, and studying the whims and caprices of some recognized superior individuals, one may safely conclude that such a man has no backbone. Here, then, it is that the man who is fortunately blessed with backbone should assert himself, and by a living example of courage and manhood lend strength to his weaker brethren. Let him throw back with more force than ever his moral shoulders, walk with firmer tread those paths the backboneless fear to follow lest they may offend some one, and exercise a proper spirit of independence; in short, be a man, and show what it is to be possessed of "backbone."

—

THE cultivation of the sentiments and of the social virtues is solely dependent upon woman. As the mother of man, she is then the source of all human power and dignity. If she is weak, one who will yet be strong is nurtured in her lap. If she is prescribed to the possession of noble sentiments, and a sphere of household action, she can yet transfuse her sentiments into one who will bear them abroad to the world. What is the man of action but the delegate of thoughtful woman? Where is barbarity most inveterate and debasing, but where woman is most debased! One trembles to contemplate the situation into which society has been wrested through the illegitimate assumptions of man, as the representative of brute force. He has denuded woman of her responsibility as an agent of progress, and has destroyed her moral grandeur, with her liberty and equality. Sent to be a companion and guide, she has been made a nonentity. Constituted with a mind equal to man's in every respect, perhaps superior in the gentler attributes, she has been hitherto treated as if the doctrine of the Mussulman were true. Young men seldom attempt to engage in serious or instructive conversation in promiscuous assemblies; they seem to have studied inane twaddle, and frivolous disgusting repartee, that they might insult the intellect and perpetuate the subjugation of women.

—

RUSSIAN engineers and architects blundered when they placed a twenty-five-million dollar cathedral on a marsh. This cathedral is that of St. Isaac, in St. Petersburg. Much of the soil of St. Petersburg is soft and marshy, even more so than that of Chicago, or of the locality in this city known as "The Marsh." About $1,000,000 was spent in driving piles to obtain a solid foundation, but even with this the support was not firm enough for so massive a building. The cathedral was finished a little more than twenty years ago. From time to time cracks have appeared in the walls, showing that the structure is settling into the ground. These cracks have recently increased both in number and size. There are fissures three inches in width. Measures have been taken to lighten the roof by removing heavy bronzes from the cornices and dome. But the effect of this has been only to reveal the fact that the walls are damaged beyond possibility of repair. Many consultations have been held among architects and builders with a view of adopting a plan by which the cathedral can be made safe. These have resulted in nothing practical. The probability is that the whole of the costly edifice will have to be taken down.

—

A PROMINENT scientist read a paper before the last meeting of the American Association, in which he gave a fillip to the proverbial pride of man. Is man the highest animal? Not in all respects, not in many respects, he answers. Of course, his senses are inferior to those of many animals. In structural features he is also inferior. His teeth are of a low mammalian type. His limbs show a similar inferiority, since they are little modified, preserving even the full number of five digits; in respect to these members man stands lower than the cow and the pig. He plants the whole sole of his foot on the ground like the lower mammalia. His stomach is not as perfect as that of ruminants. "It makes, however, a still more forcible impression to learn that the human face, which we admire when withdrawn under a high intellectual forehead, is perhaps the most remarkable of all the indices that point out man's inferiority. In the mammalian embryo the face is formed under the forebrain or cerebral hemispheres. In our faces the fetal disposition is permanently retained with changes which, when greatest, are inconsiderable. In quadrupeds the facial region acquires a prominent development leading to the specialization of the jaws and surrounding parts which brings the face to a condition much higher than that of the fetus. Hence the projecting snout is a higher structure than the retreating human face."

—

ON the subject of woman's wages a recent writer says that satirical indignation is periodically launched at the fact that in some positions—for example, as mercantile accountants and cashiers—women get less pay than men who would do the work no better, but the fact does not grow out of an ungallant or cruel desire to oppress the sex, nor even out of the other fact that the storekeepers are men. It does seem at first sight unjust, unnatural, and unbusiness-like that equally good and efficient labor should not have the same wages, regardless of sex; but the question may always be raised whether woman's labor (certain light and peculiarly dexterous occupations excepted) is equally good and efficient. The accident insurance companies take risks on women, of death only, because what affects a man lightly may "upset" a woman; the bad weather or interrupted travel, which does no worse than delay the male employe, may prevent the female from reaching her place or may leave her with a disability of uncertain length; she has marriage as a possible exchange, so that her occupation is not adopted for life, and for other reasons as well, it is fairly questionable whether woman's labor is as desirable as man's, although as good after it is once done. Aside from this, women get less because they will work for less, and the reason of greater competition may be that their numbers are greater or the range of their choice of work more restricted.

HAD YOU LOVED BUT ME.

BY PERCY B. MYERS.

Turning the leaves in an idle way,
Of a book I was skimming the other day,
I found a line at the end of a song
Which keeps haunting me all day long,
With its sweet and mournful melody,
"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"
Sadder a burden could never be
Than "love, my love, had you but loved me!"

Few words and simple, but, oh, how much
The singer has told in that little touch!
How hard a story of chances lost,
Of bright hopes blighted, and true love crossed,
Is heard in that whispered melody,
"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"
To many a sorrow the key may be,
That, "love my love, had you but loved me!"

I don't believe what the poets have said
Of hearts that are broken and lives that are dead.
Lives well ordered will stand to their course,
And hearts of true metal ring little the worse.
But they vibrate still to that melody,
"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"
My life is well, but what would it be,
Sweet love, my love, had you but loved me!

The world rolls on, and the years roll by,
Day-dreams vanish and memories die;
But it surges up with a restless pain,
That fond lost longing over again,
Breathed in the passionate melody,
"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"
It might have been, but it cannot be,
Yet love, my love, had you but loved me!

A Double Wedding.

BY W. J. LACEY.

"I CAN'T do it, uncle Fred, and so that's the long and short of it," said young Frank Villiers, looking up with a grave expression into his senior's face.

"I'm sorry to disoblige you or annoy you, of course, and your interests ought to be my interests, and are so; but I can't do this. You'll have to employ some one else if it's to be done at all.

"It's such a peculiar case. Mrs. Raymond and her daughter are ladies, I assure you, and they feel their position so keenly, and I feel for them so much, and——"

"And, in short, you're a soft-hearted young fool," growled Mr. Villiers senior, "and half in love with one or the other of these frauds, I'll be sworn. 'Peculiar case,' indeed!

"And Mrs. Raymond thought she could certainly pay the rent when she let some rooms; such rubbish!

"Do you suppose she'd have got the house at all, if she'd told you the rent was conditional upon her rooms letting?

"How could they be rented in the hot summer, when every one is out of town? The woman's a fool! Her name ought to have been enough for me. I never knew but one Raymond before, and Heaven knows he brought no good to me!

"Well, if you can't go, I suppose I'll have to go myself.

"I'm not going to let people get three months in arrears with rent for the sake of their pretty daughters, I assure you. So I'll tell the old lady that either——"

Frank interrupted him laughingly.

"She's not old, uncle, no more than you are.

"She's about thirty-five or so, I guess, and handsomer, by odds, than any young woman I know, except Effie, her daughter. Do go to her.

"Woman-hater as you are, I believe you'll soften under her beautiful eyes."

Then he laughed roguishly.

"I ought not to have told you she was young and handsome," said he, "you'll be afraid to go to her."

If Mr. Villiers had been a little wavering in his resolve, that last observation decided him.

He—Fred Villiers—afraid of a woman's sweet eyes!

Ah, not since he looked his last—some seventeen years ago—on the first, and last, and only pair that ever had played havoc with his heart.

Sweet, false Jessie Dane.

How madly he had loved her; how wholly his heart had seemed; and yet, while he would have laid down life itself for her, she had suddenly thrown him over (at her father's wish) and carried the soft light of those never-to-be-forgotten eyes into another man's life and home.

Ah, it had been a terrible, bitter blow; it had hardened his heart against all the world of women, and him a lonely bachelor of fifty.

"Better so than build your happiness upon a woman," he would growl.

It gave him a real pang of apprehension and regret to see Frank "going the same rough road."

"They're kittle cattle, the women, my boy," he would say, with a warning headshake; "best give them a wide berth, Frank."

But he knew that headstrong youth would buy its own experiences, in spite of wiser age, and so he was not all surprised to find his counsel unheeded.

"He's in love with this Mrs. Raymond's girl, of course," he thought, as he took his way, in the early afternoon, towards the residence of his unpaying and unprofitable tenants.

"They think he's a catch, being my nephew and heir, and the girl means to win him.

"If I warned him, I should only drive him into her snare; don't I know what fools their bright eyes make of us?

"So I'll say nothing to him, but quietly send him out of the way, and then get rid of them.

"I owe the sex a grudge. If the boy must some day be tied to a woman at all, it shan't be to a poor one."

On an August afternoon, with the sun like a fire, not at all the weather to make any man—and, least of all, a disappointed old bachelor—feel amiable, Mr. Villiers rang, rather impatiently at Mrs. Raymond's door.

There was the sound of a piano, prettily played, in the parlor, and into that room a tidy servant girl ushered him.

The shades and blinds were closed to keep out the fierce light and heat, and the room was in semi-darkness: moreover, the young musician at the piano was absorbed in her music, and seated with her back to the door at which he entered.

He had given the servant girl his name—he was an old-fashioned man, and rarely used cards, except on visits of ceremony.

"I think missus is in here," the girl had said; please step in, sir," and then, as he obeyed her, announced, "Mr. Villiers, ma'am;" and seeing that Mrs. Raymond was not there, ran away upstairs to call her.

Effie, seated at the piano, heard her lover's name, and turned in pleased surprise.

She held out her pretty white hands, deceived by the darkness of the room.

"Oh, Frank! is it you, dear?—and so soon?

"I hope that cruel old uncle of yours will be merciful; poor mamma is almost worried to death."

And she arose, and coming towards him, suddenly discovered her mistake, and uttered a cry of annoyance and dismay.

At this instant Mrs. Raymond entered.

Effie ran to her in great distress.

"Oh mamma, it is Frank's uncle, and I thought it was Frank, and I don't know what I've said; do, do excuse me to him."

And away she ran, leaving her mother to explain and to apologize.

Mrs. Raymond coming into the darkened room out of a lighter one, could but imperfectly distinguish her visitor's face; instinctively she feared him, this creditor whom she had no means to pay, and casting down her eyes, began timidly.

"I fear my daughter's mistake will not incline you to leniency, Mr. Villiers. You will guess how matters are with you young people, and I am aware that a penniless girl is not——"

A strange low voice interrupted her, uttering one word—her name:

"Jessie!"

Mr. Villiers was gazing upon her like one fascinated.

She lifted her beautiful dark eyes to his in intense surprise; he uttered a cry.

"Oh, it is Jessie, indeed! Jessie Dane." Yes, it was his old sweetheart.

She started back, as mutual recognition came, with much embarrassment.

The tears sprang to her eyes—she wrung her hands.

"You!" she cried. "Oh, is it you to whom I am in debt?

"A second time I cause you trouble and annoyance. Forgive me, I will leave; I will go at once——"

She turned as if to leave the room, scarce knowing what she did in her agitation; but Mr. Villiers, scarcely more calm than herself, caught her hand and detained her.

"Not so fast. Believe me your friend, Jessie, let me call you by the old familiar name. Why, you are scarcely changed. Frank spoke truly indeed.

"If I am not mistaken," he said "your husband was dead—is it so, Jessie?"

"He died five years ago," she answered, quietly, "and since then life has been a hard battle, in which I am being worsted day by day.

"When I took this house—little dreaming whose it was, for I had heard that you were dead, Fred—it was a last resource, in the hope of eking out our scanty means by taking boarders.

"The poor child gives music lessons; oh, it is for her I grieve."

Suddenly she caught his hand. "Fred, they love each other. Don't come between them, dear; don't spoil her life, too; let it be sufficient that her mother's life was blighted; but spare my child's."

Her tears fell fast; he took her hands, and gazed into her face.

"What do you mean?" he cried hoarsely. "It was you who blighted my life, Jessie, not I yours. I am single and lonely to this day for your sake; surely I have not deserved reproaches."

She shook her head.

"Not you," she sobbed, "not you, Fred. Poor papa is dead—George Raymond is dead—we must forgive the dead, you know; but they deceived us both. Dear, I wrote you when papa urged me to marry Mr. Raymond, begging you to come to me at once.

"I received an answer telling me that you released me from my engagement, and were unable to fulfil your own. Stung by so cruel and humiliating a rejection, I listened to papa. He was in terrible financial difficulties, he told me, from which Mr. Raymond would rescue him on condition that I became his wife.

"I consented, Fred, partly from love and pity for papa, partly from resentment against you, from whom I heard no more after that heartless letter. George must have deceived papa, I think, for the help he hoped for never came and ruin did. Three years after my miserable marriage he died. On his death-bed he confessed to me that my husband had forged the letter in which you refused my hand, and bade me look in a secret drawer of his desk, where your real letters, intercepted ere they could reach my hands, still lay.

"I have them still, four letters, Fred, so tender, so reproachful, so pleading. Oh, they broke my heart! There had not been much happiness in my married life up to that day, there was none after it.

"I reproached my husband. He had cheated me into making a sacrifice for my father's sake, which sacrifice proved useless after all. He was not rich. He had dissipated and expensive habits.

"My child and I have wanted for everything at times.

"Do not think me heartless if I say that my widowhood, while it made me poor indeed, brought that into my life which my marriage had utterly banished—peace!"

"Heartless! How could I call you so my poor cheated love?" Fred Villiers cried.

Then, with a sudden impulse, he clasped her to his breast.

"Oh, Jessie, let me bring something better and sweeter than even peace can be into your life once more—the old true love, my darling. Have we not suffered enough? Say you will be my wife?"

It is to be presumed that she did say so, for, before the bright autumn days were over, a double wedding took place from the house that had failed to secure any boarders; and both the brides bore the same name "Mrs. Villiers," and the spectators said it was hard to decide which was most beautiful.

At any rate these two brides had as fair a prospect of bliss as usually falls to the lot of mortals.

Two Roses.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

APRIL, 1861, a handsome room; a handsome woman; a quiet lady's maid.

The handsome woman was evidently being dressed for a ball, and was as evidently out of humor.

Her handsome face, dark at any time, was darker than ever from the frown upon it, and there was a fire in her deep black eyes that boded ill for the one who had caused it were he or she unfortunate enough to allow it to burn on.

Alice Valoin looked what she was,—a woman who would stop at no sacrifice for those she loved,—a woman who at twenty had lived long enough to have lived to that; and a woman who had lived almost long enough to be desperately near to that habitual mental state which will allow one to do anything to injure those one hates.

She was a woman to be loved, a woman whose life might be the richest blessing a man could win; she was a woman to be feared, one who would not scruple to put her present and her future in peril to revenge any wrong she was made to suffer.

And Alice Valoin was evidently angry and suffering.

She was dressed already, but she was not yet ready to dismiss her maid.

She was undoubtedly waiting for something, and as certainly growing angrier that it did not come.

Just in all things, according to her belief, she had not one word of fault for the maid, even though the white was creeping into her lips from the fury in her heart.

"Please bring me a glass of water before you finish my hair," she said, and the tones were as even and the words as kind as they had ever been.

The waiting maid left the room.

Alice Valoin took a turn up and down the apartment in only half suppressed fury.

"He has the same as told me he loves me; he has shown me every attention for months; he won from me yesterday a betrayal of my secret,—I read the satisfaction in his face—why is he satisfied? I love him, I love him, and he knows it.

"But oh, my heart, does he love me? If he don't——"

The maid returned with the water, and with two bundles and letters.

"Left just as I went down," she said.

Alice Valoin looked at them both.

The letters were evidently written in familiar hands.

One, however, was a matter of indifference to her; the other sent a warm blush from her heart to drive the anger from her face, even though it left a trace of womanly anxiety there.

The parcels were alike to outward view.

She toyed with the letters a moment, and then with a strange hesitation opened the one in which she seemed the least interested.

It read as follows:

"The compliments of your sincere admirer, Warren Wyville, and will you wear the rose he sends for his sake?"

She puts the letter down, almost without a thought of the man or his rose; although Warren Wyville was a rich Virginia gentleman, and as handsome as rich.

She took up the other letter with a sigh, and opened it.

It was longer than the other, and it closed as follows:

"I love you, Alice Valoin, and if you wear my rose in your hair to-night I shall think you will allow me to try to win your love in return. John Wright."

She picked up one package, opened it, took out the red rose it held, and read the name of Warren Wyville on the card beside it, and tossed it from her half impatiently.

She opened the other, read the name John Wright on the card, slipped the card into his letter, placed the letter in her bosom, and said—

"Put the white rose in my hair, Lizzie, even if red it better with my complexion. One likes to be odd sometimes."

She had never looked handsomer or happier.

And yet John Wright was only a poor young man.

* * * * * *

"'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small.'

"I say, John, why don't you 'put it to the touch' with Alice Valoin?"

George Wright, John's twin brother, began by singing the quotation in a half musical manner, but the ending was serious enough.

He loved John with all his heart, and when he thought of his own wife and child he felt what John was to lose or win in his passion for Alice Valoin.

"I have asked her at last," said John, "and to-morrow I will tell you her answer."

"God speed you, best of brothers, may you win."

An hour afterwards, John entered the ball-room; he crowded forward toward a group of men who were trying for some little favor from the woman he loved.

He knew, and had known for a long time, that he must win the one he desired, if he won her at all, in spite of half a dozen other men all as earnest as he.

He knew, as he had known for a long time, that the surest way in which to find her in public was to find the largest and most interesting group of gentlemen.

John was too deeply in earnest to care for much except the one thing he must know.

He didn't care for the curious looks of those by whom he crowded.

He cared less than nothing for the looks of the men around her.

He even felt a sort of triumph over Warren Wyville who was leaning over her shoulder, in that he believed he had at least asked her first.

Their eyes met, with several between them yet, whom John must pass before he could reach her.

His eager earnest eyes saw her face a little paler than usual, her eyes a little happier than he had ever seen them before, and higher up, in the dark masses of her hair a gleaming white rose.

How John reached the outer air he never knew; whether he made a fool of himself in getting away he never asked; and if he did, there must have been something in his eye, when he turned his back on all that he held precious in the world, that any who saw him betray himself from ever telling him so.

Alice Valoin was never more brilliant than on that evening, but a wilder passion of tears and rage never occurred than did in her chamber for the rest of the night when the ball was at last over.

"So this is the way of the man I loved, is it?

"He tries his skill on a woman like me. I shall outlive it."

She cries herself to sleep in the early morning.

* * * * * * *

John walked far away into the country that terrible night.

He fought with himself and the fate that had come to him.

It was nearly night again before he had conquered himself; and the last rays of the sun were around him when he came down the hill into the streets of the little city and met George at the foot just where the houses began to tell of human life beyond.

George read it all in his face, and it did not need any words on John's part.

But George had news—

"The Southerners have fired on Fort Sumter."

And good honest, patriotic John said—

"Thank God," from the bottom of his heart.

He was thinking of the honorable way out of all his pain that might be waiting for him on some one of the possible battle fields of the South.

A fortnight later John had gone as a soldier, and George had gone with him.

John had not seen Alice, nor had he tried to, and he had gone gladly to what he hoped in his very soul would be, for him at least, a short campaign.

George had left his loved one's to go because he felt it was a duty he owed his country.

Others, some of them friends of long standing were with them; Warren Wyville had gone home to Virginia; Alice Valoin had waited until John's company had gone. En route, John read in a daily paper, the departure of the company to which he belonged for the South, and that "the brilliant society woman, Miss Alice Valoin had returned to New York."

* * * * * *

Many months went by to those who had gone out for a short time, and stayed for a long one, with only those changes which death brings.

John had seen, one after another, those who had followed their flag because duty led them, fall in battle.

He had volunteered to go in every particularly dangerous adventure, and he had always come back alive.

It seemed to him sometimes as though death had a spite against him and would not come.

And one after another all had gone to death, or home maimed for life, until only three of those who had come from John's home with him remained.

The florist who had sold him the rose on which he had staked his all marched on his right; the brother who had bidden him "God speed" when he went to the terrible loss he had met, marched on his left.

Together, thus, they went into the battle at Gettysburg.

It commenced in a charge, turned into a fierce hand to hand fight, and ended in a temporary repulse.

A tall figure, with shoulder-strap indicating the rank of colonel, led the Confederates in a dreadful onslaught upon them.

He fired a pistol at the group of three who were fighting together, wheeled his horse in another direction, dropped his pistol through some accident, and was lost to sight in the conflict.

John felt his heart almost stop; he remembered the last time he had seen a white rose, and how he had seen it; and now he could have sworn that the tall confederate colonel was riding in that fierce charge with the stem of a white rose between his shut teeth.

An instant only, for such a conjecture, and he had turned to receive the last faint smile of his brother, shot to his death with a pistol ball.

His other comrade was nowhere to be seen.

He was the last of those who had gone together from the little city where he had lived when war first called them.

A pistol was at his feet, he caught it up, and a minute later the tide of battle had swept him away from the spot.

Letters reached camp that evening, and one for John, the first he had had in all the time he had been a soldier.

He knew the writing of George's wife, and he tore it open to read while waiting for the time to come when he might go out on the battle field to help bury the dead and care for the wounded.

He hoped it might fall to him to find George again.

He read—

"Alice Valoin died here to-day.

"She was riding and there was an accident. She was brought to our house as it was the nearest one. You know I knew your story from George. A chance word on one side or the other brought out hers; there has been some terrible mistake. She believed you trifled with her, but I convinced her of your love and worth before she died. Her last words were an appeal to you to find how her life and yours had been wrecked and to revenge it."

John thrust the strange letter into his pocket.

It touched the pistol he had picked up on the battle field.

He drew it out.

The name Warren Wyville was engraved on the handle.

John did not find his brother.

Some other hands cared last for him.

But he found the man who had fought on his right.

Wounded to his death, he yet claimed John's attention.

"Wright—old fellow—forgive me—I ran die easter—the night before the news came—of war—you and Wyville—each bought a rose—at my shop—to be delivered—with cards and letters—he paid me to do it—and I changed them."

It was all he ever said.

John cared forgivingly for him, but he fought through the rest of the war with a new purpose at heart, and failed.

He did not meet Warren Wyville.

* * * * * *

One morning, the year after the war, the following appeared in one of the daily papers of a small city which shall be nameless.

"A strange event has happened in our midst; indeed we may perhaps say two strange events.

"Two men were found dead last evening on the opposite sides of the grave of Miss Alice Valoin, who will be remembered by many of our citizens as a very charming woman.

"One, clad in a worn uniform of a Union soldier, was so thin and haggard that we can readily believe he had dragged himself thus far and died of want and exposure.

"The other seems to have been a case of suicide, as a pistol was found near him, and his death had evidently been caused by a bullet fired from it."

Later—

"The suicide has been recognized as Col. Warren Wyville, late of the Confederate army.

"The pistol bears his name.

"This puts at rest forever the absurd theory of murder.

"The other has been recognized as our fellow townsman, John Wright.

"His remains have been claimed by his brother's widow.

"Rumors connects the two gentlemen with the past life of the young lady.

"A curious fact remains to be stated.

"Two rose bushes, one bearing red roses and the other white ones, are planted on Miss Valoin's grave.

"Mr. Wright had one of the red roses clasped to his dead lips, while Col. Wyville had caught one of the white ones in his death struggle; the latter was as red from the blood of the suicide as ever rose was."

The druggist who sold poison to John Wright without proper inquiries always believed there were two suicides at Alice Valoin's grave.

Mrs. George Wright, who was not in the druggist's confidence, but who knew of the pistol found on the battle field, always thought there was no suicide there.

The world at large always implicitly relied on the newspaper account.

A CORRESPONDENT from Boston writes us to know what the word nihilist is derived from. We are surprised that such ignorance should exist in such a town as Boston. The Russian assassins are called nihilists from the river Nile. They are dirty, like the water of the Nile, and have sudden up-risings. Like the Nile, their sources are unknown. Nobody knows where their head is, and it is not healthy to try to find out.

The Sweet Singer.

BY CLAY CORDERI.

ARTHUR WORDELL sauntered leisurely along.

There was no cause for haste, and he was taking all the time he wished to traverse the pleasant street.

Still he soon reached its end when he paused reluctantly.

He wished it was longer.

How pleasant it was to walk over the clean pavements, in comparison to the dusty streets of the city.

The country had never appeared so beautiful to him before, and as his eyes roved over the surrounding hills, his spirits arose with the grandeur of the scene.

This was, indeed, a beautiful spot.

High mountains and hills towered on all sides, with great forests of leafy trees.

A mighty river poured by and rushing through a gap in the chain, flowed far away, among green fields and more beautiful hills.

Nestling down between these mountains and hills, and close on the river shore, was the town in which he was standing.

The beauty of its situation did not escape him.

He gazed on the scene a long time, when he involuntarily exclaimed—

"How lovely!"

The sound of his voice recalled him from his contemplation, and giving a farewell glance he began retracing his steps.

He reached the centre of the town, and following the notes of a bell, was soon seated in a house of worship.

He looked around him critically but he found little to criticise.

The room was small and almost devoid of any ornaments whatever.

The people he did not know or care for, and he was scarcely seated before he regretted the impulse which had caused him to enter.

He would not leave now; so he settled himself in the pew and let his thoughts wander where they would.

From this occupation he was recalled by the voice of the minister as he read the opening service.

Looking around him, he discovered that the chamber had been almost filled with worshipers.

A young lady of pleasing appearance sat in front of him.

He tried to get a view of her face, but found it impossible because of his present position.

He now wished he had noticed her when she entered, for he felt strangely attracted toward her.

The services were soon concluded, and the minister addressed himself to his hearers, but Arthur heard few of his remarks.

Again giving license to his imagination, the present passed away, and he roamed over the sunny plains of Italy, as he had done in reality, a few years before.

He seemed to be really there, so vividly did the old scenes rise in his memory.

Cities, towns, valleys and plains passed before him more distinctly and rapidly than he deemed possible.

Over these recollections he reveled, until at last, his path had led him far up the mountain side where stood a little vine-covered chapel.

Again he entered its chamber and seated himself close by the door, and he thought he once more heard the pastor's voice as he read the psalm with which the service began.

He saw himself rise with the congregation, and heard the organ's low notes as the prelude was played upon it.

Then voices broke forth into song, and the grand words filling the chamber, floated far out along the mountain's side.

He remembered how it had thrilled him.

But it was not the majesty of the poem, or their rendering of its sweet measure that had pleased him so, but the voice of the one who sat before him as this one sat today.

At first, he thought an angel was singing, and he looked upward, half expecting to behold the glorious countenance of a spirit.

Such voice and softness of tone, he had never heard before.

His delighted soul drank in every note.

He had heard many noted singers, but all had failed to impress him as this one did.

He was enraptured, and although the words were uttered in a strange language, yet he thought them the most beautiful he had ever heard.

Even this day, he seemed to hear the sweet strains again, and feel his sorrow when the last hymn was sung.

He recollected how the voice had accompanied him in all his travels, seemingly suggesting itself to his mind with more frequency as the days proceeded, until, at last it drew him back to the chapel.

He remembered with what joy he had again entered and seated himself in the chamber.

He searched carefully through the congregation, but she who he had come to hear, was not there.

He looked a second and a third time before he was fully convinced that her form had not escaped his anxious glances.

Then he was satisfied, and leaning back, patiently waited.

Every moment he hoped to see her enter and seat herself in front of him; but the moments flew by and still she did not appear.

How anxiously he scanned the faces of all who entered.

He had not forgotten it yet.

The time came for the service to commence, and the pastor passed up the steps and seated himself at his desk.

At his appearance, a sudden stillness fell over the congregation, but there was no effort to proceed with the services.

This appeared strange to Arthur, and he was at a loss to assign a reason for it, but his curiosity was soon satisfied.

Before many moments, he heard the footsteps of numerous people.

He turned his eyes toward the door, with the hope that she might be one of the number.

They came nearer, and he judged must be walking very slowly.

They entered the door and passed up the aisle close beside him.

She whom he was expecting, walked not with them, but aloft they bore a casket, and over it was scattered the sweetest of alpine flowers.

This was the last arrival that morning.

The service now proceeded and was soon over.

He followed the people who approached the casket in a listless manner.

He censured himself even now for his want of impression.

His disappointment had subdued his sympathies, for he had came many hundred miles, expecting to hear angelic strains, and instead, he had only heard the wail of sorrow.

Yet he had not forgotten the circumstances, and this day he almost saw himself bending over the cold form before him.

He remembered the bitter pang that shot through his breast, and how he trembled at the sight.

He was crushed by the weight of the blow.

It was the sweet songstress who lay before him, and now she was dead.

He could scarcely realize it.

How beautiful she appeared in her white robe!

It may have been only a fancy, but as he gazed on her face, it seemed to relax, and a sweet smile rest on it.

As he lived this sad period over a change came over the retrospect as well.

The veil which divides this from the hereafter, seemed to have been swept away, and he heard numerous voices singing a sweet song, accompanied by low music, and one of these was the angelic voice of her who had passed away.

It banished all his grief; the sad occasion was forgotten, and a calm peace descended on his soul.

The singing grew stronger every instant, and he feared to move lest he should banish the musicians.

He had no ear for any other voice but hers.

It had lost none of its sweetness and purity.

Most pleasing of all, they sang a poem in the language of his native land, and his soul joined in the worship as they sang.

"Oh! give us hearts to live like thee—
Like thee, oh Lord to grieve,
Far more for other's sin than all
The wrongs that we receive."

Then the singing ceased, but the notes of music still continued.

These sank almost into a whisper, when shadows arose all around him; and behold!

The illusion was dispelled.

He arose with the congregation, but he could scarcely persuade himself that he was not reveling in scenes of the past; for the song was again renewed and he still distinguished the low, sweet voice of the Alpine Maid.

For an instant he believed that her spirit was there joining in the worship, but he was compelled to dismiss that idea.

Then he began searching for the singer, and it was not long till he had discovered her.

Still to make more sure, he bowed down over her, and then he knew for a certainty he had not been mistaken.

It was she who sat before him.

Then he understood why he had heard the song in his own language.

It had been her voice and not that of a spirit, which had broken in so opportunely on his reverie.

As she went out he caught a glimpse of her face, and it and the song were indelibly impressed on his memory.

He quitted the chamber with reluctance.

The events of the morning had made a deep impression on his mind, and he longed for the evening service.

He was one of the first to seek the chamber at that hour, but he was doomed to disappointment; she did not appear.

On the next morning he left the town without seeing her again.

He now plunged into business with renewed energy; and Fortune, as was her wont, continued to smile on him.

Yet he was not happy.

That hymn and the face of the singer ever came to his recollection.

He tried to banish them, for he feared that it was only her voice which he admired, but it was useless.

As the months passed away, a strong desire to know her took possession of him, and try as he might he could not dislodge it.

Still he believed it to be but a passing fancy.

But every day added new strength to it, and he at last concluded to test its truthfulness by the grave of the Alpine Maid.

He sought Italy again, and passed over the route once more which he had followed in that morning reverie.

He sought the little chapel, and seating himself in the same place, thought over the past.

He tried to imagine that she whom he had seen sit there now sat before him, but it was useless, another form always took her place, and it was the image of her who sang that day in the little church across the ocean.

He passed out into the sunshine, and it was the same.

For the long years he had worshipped the memory of this dead maiden, but now his adoration was past.

He believed that she was happy, and he felt that his love for a memory had passed away.

He sought her grave, and looking down on it, remembered the constancy with which his heart had bowed to her, but he could not feel unhappy that another form had stolen there.

He felt that he had done her memory no dishonor by harboring this new face, even though it was so sweet to do so.

And as he thought over the past and viewed the present, no pangs of regret arose in his heart, save such as a brother might feel at the grave of a loved sister.

He now knew that his love had been pure as that which immortals bear for each other.

Lingering a little while, he stooped down and kissing the sod under which she was sleeping, he passed out at the gate, and in his heart he felt that the adoration which he possessed for the living singer would never die.

* * * * * *

A year soon passed away.

The town on the river shore was quite excited.

It was not the Sabbath, but still great numbers of people could be seen wending their way towards the church at an early hour.

The chamber was soon filled; then a silence fell on the assembly.

This was followed by the notes of music—it was not the prelude to a sacred song, but the stirring notes of a grand march.

And as the notes swept through the chamber, the head of a procession appeared at the door and made its way to the altar.

The ceremony was soon over, and Arthur Wordell passed out again amidst a strain of music, but he scarcely heard it.

He was so happy!

For there walked by his side the sweetest of singers, and she had promised to sing to him forever more.

A QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.—The Clerk of the Kitchen has a salary of £3000 a year and his board, and to aid him in his work he has four clerks, who keep all the accounts, check weights and measures, and issue orders to the tradespeople; he has also a messenger and a "necessary woman." Besides these officials of her Majesty's kitchen, there is the *chef*, with a salary of £3000 a year, and four master cooks at about $1700 per annum each—who have the privilege of taking four apprentices at premiums of from $700 to $1000 each—two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four scourers, three kitchen-maids, a store-keeper, two "Green Office" men, and two steam apparatus men. And in the confectionery department there are a first and a second yeoman, with salaries of $1500 and $1200, respectively; an apprentice, three female assistants, and an errand man; and, in addition to these, there are also a pastry cook and two female assistants, a baker and his assistant, and three coffee-room women. The ewer department, which has charge of all the linen, consists of a yeoman and two female assistants only. The gentleman of the wine and beer cellars—or, properly speaking, her Majesty's chief butler—has a salary of £500 a year. He has to select and purchase wines for the royal establishment, to superintend the decanting, and send them up to table. Next to him are the principal table deckers, with £100 a year each; the second table decker, with £750; the third, with $450, and an assistant, with £50—their duties being to superintend the laying out of the Queen's table before dinner is served. The plate pantry is under the care of three yeomen—with salaries of £800, £750, and £600, respectively, besides lodging money and board—a groom, and six assistants. These offices are of great trust and are not overpaid, seeing that at a rough guess the gold and silver plate at Windsor Castle alone is probably worth about $15,000,000, and includes some very precious specimens of art workmanship. The getting in of her Majesty's coal must be an important and arduous task, as no fewer than 65 persons are employed all the year round on this duty alone.

THE INDIAN RING TRICK.—The wizard asked for a signet ring. Several were offered him, and he chose out one which had a very large oval seal, projecting well beyond the gold hoop on both sides. The ring he tossed and tumbled several times in his hands, now throwing it into the air and catching it, then shaking it between his clasped hands, all the time mumbling half-articulate words in some Hindostanee patois. Then setting the ring down on the cloth at about half-arm's length in front of him, he said, slowly and distinctly in good Hindoostanee, "Ring, rise up and go to the rupee." The ring rose, with the seal uppermost, and resting on the loop, slowly, with a kind of dancing or jerking motion, it passed over the cloth until it came to where the rupee lay on the remote edge; and then it lay down on the coin. The conjuror then said, "Ring, lay hold of the rupee, and bring it to me." The projecting edge of the seal seemed to grapple the edge of the coin; the ring and the rupee rose into a kind of wrestling attitude, and, with the same dancing or jerking motion, the two returned to within reach of the juggler's hand.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time.

And the **"POST"** now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it and every Housekeeper may insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promise VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.

2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the **"POST"**

3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows.—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cool. Use scarcely any blueing for the Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will not smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BY PIPKIN.

PEKOE was a Chinese merchant, and his shop was thronged with customers from morning till night, for that which was writen up in large gilt letters on a huge board which every one could see was perfectly true, namely—

"Pou-hou"

Which means—

"There is no cheating here."

Several who looked at the sign laughed contemptuously, and said—

"Poo-oob, we do not believe it.

Pekoe had three daughters whose feet were smaller than any that had ever been seen in China.

Orange-Flower, the eldest girl, had very small feet; Heart of Roses, the second, had even smaller; whilst Pearl of the Sea, the youngest, had the smallest of all.

Pearl of the Sea was her father's favorite, and anything she asked him to do he would do for her willingly, as she knew well.

One day, after Pekoe had been drinking tea with his daughters, he said—

"My children, to-morrow I go a long journey to buy some merchandise; I shall see many fine things, and whatever you ask for I will bring."

"I do not want anything, I have all I wish for," said Pearl of the Sea.

"I want a tortoise-shell cabinet inlaid with silver to put my jewels in," said Orange-Flower.

"And I will have a porcelain vase painted in the most beautiful manner possible," said Heart of Roses.

"Yes, my children, you shall have them," answered Pekoe; "and you, Pearl of the Sea?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"That will not do; I must bring you something.

Then Pearl laughed.

"Well," said she, "if you are anywhere near the Great Wall you may bring me a bit of it, and then I shall have something that no one else in the city has."

Pekoe nodded his head.

"You shall have it, and a present besides."

"No, only a bit of the Great Wall. I don't care for anything else."

Pekoe started early the next morning, and did not see his daughters, as they were still fast asleep.

When they awoke their first thought was of their father's journey, and of the presents he was to bring them.

"And why do you want a bit of the Great Wall, Pearl?" asked Orange-Flower.

"I don't want it."

"Why did you ask for it?"

"Oh, because I had to ask for something, and it suddenly came into my mind."

"I wonder why it did?"

"I don't know, but I've been dreaming of it all night, and it seemed as if I heard hammers going and a voice singing—

"When you [illegible]
Shall have [illegible]"

"That's nonsense," said Heart of Roses, "for father would not climb up to the top, he would just chip a bit where he could reach. I am quite sure he would."

"Yes," added Orange-Flower.

And where was Pekoe?

He was busy with the merchandise, and was congratulating himself that he should make great profit.

When all alone, at once he thought of his promise to Pearl of the Sea to bring a chip of the Great Wall if he were anywhere near it.

But he should not be within many miles of it, so he thought; when suddenly he gave a start, for looking up he saw the enormous Wall towering up within a stone's throw of him.

The Great Wall!

And he took out a knife.

He began to chip and chip, but the wall was very hard.

At length he managed to chip off a small piece, which he put into his pocket.

"I . have a try in another place," said he, and away he chipped; the stone was softer, it began to crumble, two or three great pieces fell out, and it went on crumbling and crumbling until there was quite a hole in the wall.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Pigtail of my ancestor Whang! what a mess I have made!" ejaculated Pekoe.

And he was just turning away when another fall of stones and dust almost blinded him; he felt a hand upon the collar of his vest, and a loud voice said—

"Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop, I say!"

"I'm not a thief, I'm honest, I never cheat," said Pekoe, struggling to get free, and thinking of the "Pou-hou" on his shop sign.

"Damaging the Imperial Wall is a capital offence," returned the voice.

And Pekoe trimblingly looked up, and beheld the ugliest Tartar he had ever seen.

"You will have your hands and feet cut off, and then your head, and there will be an end of you. Perhaps you will be bastinadoed first, and the executioners will have orders to torment you to the utmost. It is robbery in the first degree and treason besides. All your riches shall be forfeited and your children sold for slaves."

"Oh, Pearl! Pearl!" exclaimed poor Pekoe.

And still the Tartars issued forth.

They had scimitars at their sides and beside their drums each carried a lantern.

There was one immense lantern, however, which it required four Tartars to carry.

"Get in the lantern," the commander said.

"But it's lighted," pleaded Pekoe.

"All the warmer for you," answered the Tartar; "and if you take fire it will save the trouble of beheading you."

And he pushed Pekoe into the lantern, shut the door, and called out in a command-voice—

"March, Tartars, march and beat your drums,
To capture Pekoe with his goods."

Four Tartars took up the lantern, and Pekoe shrank into a corner as far from the great candle as he could get.

Then there was a great crash, and a rumbling and a thundering, and Pekoe thought the whole of the Great Wall must be falling down.

The daylight faded, and there was another crash and smash, and then Pekoe looked through a small hole in the lantern and saw that they were in a lofty stone passage.

"Inside the Great Wall!" said Pekoe, to himself.

"What a situation to be in with all my merchandise outside! I am lost! I am ruined! I shall never see my daughters again."

"Put down the lantern, let the man get out,
And in our Great Wall dwelling look about,"

thundered forth the commander.

And Pekoe, half dead with fright, stepped out of the lantern and was ushered into a suite of apartments more magnificent than he had ever seen before—rare carvings, gold and silver tables, tortoise-shell cabinets inlaid with pearl and silver, great porcelain vases, and treasures of all sorts.

"Not a bad home for Pearl of the Sea," said the commander. "All these treasures shall be hers."

"But it would be a prison," murmured Pekoe.

"Not at all; there's an outlet into Tartary, and she shall scour the country on the finest horses."

"Alas! alas!" said Pekoe; "she would grieve herself to death. No, I must submit to my fate."

"I don't see that at all," replied the commander.

"I am sure Pearl of the Sea would prefer living here to letting her father have his head, and hands, and feet cut off."

"She is a good girl," murmured Pekoe, "but she must not—she cannot—be sacrificed."

"Sacrificed! pooh! nonsense! don't talk in that foolish way," said the commander angrily.

"You shall go home and give her her choice, and if she does not consent you must return here. I will send four of my Tartars, and if you attempt to play me false they shall cut off your head instead of waiting for the imperial executioner to do it."

"No;" returned Pekoe, "I will not play you false. But I will go home and bid my daughters farewell, and then I will return and be delivered up into the hands of the Emperor; perhaps he may have pity upon me."

The commander whistled impatiently.

"Vow," he said, "by the pigtail of thy ancestor Whang, to return or send me thy daughter."

"I vow," said Pekoe faintly. And then, in the custody of the four Tartars, Pekoe with his merchandise journeyed to the city of Pekin.

The three sisters were in the garden when Pekoe and the Tartars arrived.

They rose up joyfully and embraced their father, but he, instead of seeming delighted to see them, was greatly distressed, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Oh! my children," said Pekoe, "I am a doomed man! I come but to say 'Good-bye.' In chipping off a piece of the Great Wall for Pearl of the Sea I find that I committed treason and robbery in the first degree, and that I must be put to death for it."

Then Orange-Flower, Heart of Roses, and Pearl of the Sea wept bitterly, but Pearl of the Sea felt the worst as she remembered the words—

"Who chips the Great Wall
Shall have [illegible]"

And this was the way in which it was coming to pass.

Then one of the Tartars advanced, and making a salute, said—

"If Pearl of the Sea
Will go with me,
Her father shall be free."

"That I will," said Pearl of the Sea, springing up.

"I am not a bit afraid; the master of these Tartars is, I dare say, better than he looks, or he would not have trusted our father to come and say good-bye to us. I will go."

She kissed her sisters, and waved her hand to her father, saying—

"Good-bye, good-bye, good fortune to all of us."

The door of the lantern closed with a snap; the Tartars that held Pekoe gave him a push that sent him tumbling to the farther end of the room.

Then they hastened to the lower court, shouldered the lantern, and were out of sight before Pekoe recovered his breath.

So all that Pekoe could do was to sit down and mourn that Pearl had been carried off by the Tartars.

But he did not dare to complain to any one except a few intimate friends, for he knew well enough that if it came to the ears of the Emperor that he had made a hole in the Great Wall, he would at once be led to execution, and his property confiscated.

It did not seem above a quarter of an hour to Pearl of the Sea before she heard the Tartars hammering against the Wall.

Presently there was a loud crash, and the door opened for her to step out, and she found herself in a very splendid room.

She passed into the next room, which was even more gorgeous than the first; then into a third, a fourth, a fifth, but still she saw no one.

At last she came to a room of painted porcelain, with a fountain in the middle of it.

She sat down on a heap of cushions to listen to it, and suddenly perceived that she was not alone, for close beside her sat a pleasant-looking Chinese gentleman.

He was keeping time to the music with a little silver-tipped cane that he held in his hand.

He nodded and smiled at Pearl of the Sea.

"Then," said she to herself, "there is another captive, and he is my countryman; that is good."

And she listened to the music.

After a time the Chinese gentleman spoke.

"Are you Pearl of the Sea?" he pleasantly asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I am Pearl the daughter of Pekoe. Can you tell me when I shall see the hideous Tartar commander?" she asked.

Then the Chinese gentleman laughed until he almost choked, and his pigtail went up and down and round and round in the most ridiculous manner as he shook convulsively.

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes and no," answered Pearl. "I suppose it is best to see him at once and know how ugly he is."

"Do you think I am very ugly, Pearl of the Sea?"

"Oh, no, not at all. You are quite as good looking as my father. Perhaps you will let me go with you to see the commander?"

"That I will," said the Chinese gentleman.

"Let us go now," said Pearl of the Sea. "I would much rather go off and see him at once. Is he far off?"

"No, close at hand; if you will come across the room, and then, having done so, look through that piece of glass you will see him. Come now and look."

Pearl arose and walked across the room, and peeped cautiously; but when she did so she discovered that the piece of glass was a mirror, and all she saw was her own face and that of the Chinese gentleman looking over her shoulder.

"He is not there," she said, "it is a mirror."

"He is there," said the Chinese gentleman.

"I am the hideous Tartar commander—at least, I was the Tartar commander before you came to see me. But as soon as the lantern was set down in the hall of lanterns, I changed back into myself; that is," and the Chinese gentleman, getting a little confused in his explanations, "I am not really a Tartar, I am a Chinese; in fact, I am your father's lost brother Chang, and you are my dear little niece, and I am going to give you all the fine things I have got because you came and released me from the enchantment that kept me here in the form of a Tartar."

"My uncle Chang!" exclaimed Pearl, "our lost uncle! then now we shall both be lost together."

"Not so, Pearl of the Sea," returned Chang.

"Now that a little maiden has been willing to come and live in the Great Wall with me, the enchantment under which I suffered is at an end, and I am free to go where I please. It is very grand in the Great Wall, but I think it will be pleasanter to live in Pekin, where we will see your father and sisters, and all be happy together. So, Pearl, we will make our entry into Pekin on the evening of the Feast of Lanterns."

Pearl clapped her hands.

What a beautiful ending the chip of the Great Wall was going to have!

It must have been for this ending that the thought of asking for it came into her mind.

"We will take all of these beautiful things to put in my palace at Pekin," said Chang.

"And the lanterns will be beautiful for the day of the feast."

"Yes, they have been waiting a long, long time for it; and there are thousands more stored away."

"But who will carry them?"

"My Tartars. It is the last service they will do for me, and I shall give them the rooms in the Great Wall and a great heap of gold and silver in return."

"And they will be happy?"

"Quite."

The day of the Feast of Lanterns came at last.

All Pekin somehow had got to know that a great man was coming to take possession of the new palace that had been built.

And they knew too that he would come in great pomp and state.

And all Pekin was in a state of excitement, and when one man rushed wildly into the principal street waving his lantern, shouting—

"Hark! hark! I hear the Tartar drum,"

the whole population took up the cry—

"Hark! hark! we hear the Tartar drum,
They come, they come, they come! they come!"

And they did come.

The great train with the splendid lanterns moved slowly along to the clash of the cymbals and beat of the drums.

Such a blaze of light and such enthusiasm was at that though the city was brilliantly illuminated it faded into dimness as the dazzling procession advanced.

But when Chang came in sight with the lantern swinging to his long golden rod, and his emblazoned name was seen, a cry went up—

"Chang is found! Chang is found! The son of Whang has returned to the city of his forefathers."

"Chang! Whang! Who?" exclaimed Pekoe.

"Chang!" and he rushed into the crowd and struggled to get a sight of the rider.

"Chang! Chang! it is my brother Chang! By the pigtail of Whang it is my brother Chang."

Chang turned at the voice.

"Pekoe!" he exclaimed as he leaped from his horse.

And the two brothers embraced.

Yes, it was Chang, and with him Pearl of the Sea, who laughed and cried as she greeted her father.

Orange-Flower and Heart of Roses were looking through the grated windows to see the illuminated train on its way to the new palace.

Just then Pekoe rushed in again, almost frantic with joy.

Eight Tartars with two huge lanterns came with him.

"Get in—get in!" cried Pekoe. "We are all going to the palace. There is a great banquet there — Chang — Pearl — uncle — brother—sister;" and here Pekoe's breath failed him.

So Orange-Flower and Heart of Roses stepped into the lanterns, and the Tartars marched off.

Pekoe walked in front, crying out—

"Make way for the brother and nieces of the great Chang!"

Then every one made way, and said, moreover—

"Good fortune to the family of Chang."

Ah! what a palace!

Ah! what a banquet!

Ah! what excellent tea, and what happiness for Pekoe and his daughters, and for Chang also!

When the guests had all gone, Chang said to his brother—

"I wonder you did not recognize me."

"How could I when you looked so hideous?"

"And my voice, could you not perceive a tremble of emotion in it?"

"Why, no," replied Pekoe. "You seemed in such a passion that it sounded as if a lion or bear was growling."

"I was laughing internally, I was so pleased to see you, though I could not say so."

"I did not find anything to laugh at," said Pekoe.

"No, no; of course not," said Chang. "But you see now that it is a cause for rejoicing that you chipped off a bit of the Great Wall. If it had not been for that we should never have met again."

"That is all owing to Pearl of the Sea," answered Pekoe. "No one else would have thought of wanting a bit of the Great Wall."

"Pearl of the Sea is a real pearl," said Chang; "she is better than all the pearls in the Persian Gulf. If it had not been for her I should have remained a hideous Tartar commander for ever and ever."

THE HINDOO WOMEN. The women of Calcutta are, as a rule, very beautiful, in so far as we can reconcile beauty with the olive complexion, but fade rapidly after reaching the age of maturity. It is not infrequently that we see women at the age of 25, with furrowed jowl and crow's feet visibly encroaching the corners of her large, lustrous, black eyes, and, at the age of 30, many have a decided stoop and decrepit gait. This early decline is due to two causes—the very early and tender age at which nuptials are performed, and the destructive influence of the climate. Barring a relic of barbarism, the nose ring, there is no creature more comely, more lovable, than a lady of Bengal, between the ages of 12 and 18. Cleanliness is their constant care, which is a virtue to begin with. A figure somewhat below the medium height, and unhampered by corset or weighty skirt, arrayed in a loose, flowing robe of white, the upper portion of which is thrown carelessly over the left shoulder. Exposing to view the swelling bust and well rounded arm. The upper portion of the body is encased in a sleeveless jacket, generally of some brilliant color, and tastefully worked with silk or gold and silver thread. The arm is bare from shoulder to wrist, save a goodly portion of the wrist, which is encircled by many bands of either silver or gold. The lower part of the ample robe is drawn tightly over the hips and looped at the left side, much after the manner of the entrance to a circus tent, defining boldly the contour of a faultless figure. These ladies, in the matter of stockings, are not dainty, as they wear no shoes, and consequently no stockings, and between the ankle is visible below on the borders of their robe and the curious little pierced bangles and rings and rosettes. Their luxuriant black tresses are parted at the crown and combed in thick folds behind the ears, which are pierced in many places, and studded thickly with jewelry, and falls in close braids over the shoulders. No ornaments are worn in the hair. Their features are regular and delicately chiselled, but too often the nose is disfigured by pearls and the wire-like ring of gold that hangs from the nostril. The large and tenderly expressive eye, the handsome mouth, when wreathed in smiles, exposes a double row of perfect teeth.

PROMPTLY BREAK UP YOUR COLD by the timely use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throats, and a certain curative for Coughs.

Grains of Gold.

Ten noes are better than one lie.

God keep you from "It is too late."

Lying and gossiping go hand in hand.

Those who plot the destruction of others often fall themselves.

Time divided is never long, and regularity abridges all things.

In almost everything experience is more valuable than precept.

The greatest of all faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

If you wish to remove avarice, you must remove its mother, luxury.

Philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.

The bell never rings of itself; unless some one handles or moves it, it is dumb.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, by deeds—not words.

The most important part of every business is to know what ought to be done.

Where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come.

Envy is blind, and knows nothing except how to depreciate the excellencies of others.

To be successful, have confidence. Fields are won by those who firmly believe in the winning.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it.

Friends should be weighed, not told; who boasts to have won a multitude of friends, has never had one.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or so much your enemy as yourself.

Some persons follow the dictates of their conscience only as a coachman follows the horses he is driving.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

He who comes up to his own ideas of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.

It is always well to await the development of his dealings with us rather than complain at our own disappointments.

May not the brain be from time to time liable to some sickness which, while it lasts, makes all things distorted and discolored?

A man's strength in this life is often greater from some single word, remembered and cherished, than in arms or armor.

Iron becomes magnetized by the magnet against which it grinds, and the soul becomes assimilated to that on which it thinks continually.

It is always profitable to join forces in any work; no one loses anything, but all gain by it, the strong and swift as well as the weak and slow.

If you carry the talisman of Christ in your heart, it will give you strength and courage in every conflict, and, at death, open to you the gates of glory.

The true Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and to reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society.

Never put much confidence in those who put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil, is generally looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself.

Speak to a poor friend in a threadbare coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many take it to be, and the act is worthy a king.

Leave a convivial party at a proper hour for so doing, however great the sacrifices, and stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

One of the surest evidences of friendship that one individual can display to another is telling him gently of a fault. If any other can excel it, it is listening to such a disclosure with gratitude, and amending the error.

The continual succession of seasons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable, and, like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance.

It is much more expensive, to say nothing of the inconveniences, to tear a house to pieces and remodel it, than it is to build as we need it the first time, and yet, most Christians are continually beginning their life over again, because they did not plan well enough the first time.

Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by clouds of discord and unamiability.

To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength—so consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries with it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the whole world. Use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used; kill it before it kills you; and though it brings you to the grave, as it did your head, it shall not be able to keep you there. You love not death; love not the cause of death.

Femininities.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

A good time to offer your hand to a lady—when she is getting out of a car.

A woman's features are less disfigured by her age at 60, than by her rage at 20.

She told him that she could read his mind like an open book, and then softly added, "Blank book."

The Inter-Ocean notes the alleged fact that the fashionable magazines never show styles for fat girls.

Some of the young ladies who go to Florida bring home young alligators. Others secure husbands.

Austin, Nevada, squaws wear boots, patronize the boot-blacking stands, and pay ten cents for a shine.

A young lady of Duchess county, N. Y., has been made insane by the knowledge that her betrothed, a bank book-keeper, is a defaulter.

At twenty man is less a lover of woman than of women; he is more in love with the sex than with the individual, no matter how charming she may be.

Lately in London, England, a medical society obtained evidence of severe lead-poisoning having been caused by the use of fashionable "hair-washes."

It was once said of the French authoress, George Sand (Mme. Dudevant) that her heart was like a cemetery, where one could see only the crosses of those she had loved.

A charming *mot* of Madame de Girardin: "Ah, really now," she said, walking one day in a country road in the height of the flowering season, "the world doesn't look its age, does it?"

Lady Brassey, of England, is the owner of the largest and most perfect moleskin sacque ever made. It contains over 1,000 skins, and the price of 200 guineas, or more than $1,000, has been offered for it.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" "Only back into the house a minute to change my pocket-book." "Change it?" "Yes. I had no idea the day was so hot. I started out with my sealskin pocket-book."

Never fold a waterproof gossamer inside out; it is the inside that should be kept free from soil of any kind. If you think this is superfluous advice, please observe the manner in which most of your acquaintances fold them.

"Have you had your ears pierced?" asked a young lady of her chum, who lived next door. "I should think so," was the crushing reply, "hearing you sing every day." There is now a great gulf of coldness between the two.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he pressed her tenderly to him at parting, "shall I hold you in these arms again to-morrow and paint our future with the bright pigments of imagination?" "No," she said calmly, "not to-morrow. To-morrow's wash-day."

Little Caddie, four years old, was accused by her mother of having lost her memory, and the child looked bewildered for a moment; then light seemed to dawn upon her, for she exclaimed: "I dess I know what memory is. It's de ting I fordet wiv."

A woman in Berks county, Pa., has been found guilty of being "a common scold." The Court sentenced her to twenty hours' imprisonment and a fine of one dollar, to which was added a further sentence ten days in jail for being "a common mischief maker."

A shrewd lawyer of Baltimore employs a lovely girl to do his jury packing. Her bewitching glances, smiles, and, finally, her fascinating company, quite caught a young juryman, and he swung the jury to her side in a contested will case. Now the other side are howling for a new trial for the reasons given.

The Connecticut State law has just been amended by the House of Representatives so that women, as well as men, may vote on the election of trustees of Methodist Churches. Meetings for such elections are to be held in January instead of September hereafter. The reason alleged is the insufficient attendance of male voters.

The stowage capacity of some young women is a marvel to young men who escort the said damsels to ice-cream saloons and church sociables, but the hungriest girls alive are no match for the policemen who sample the street-venders' peanuts, apples, bananas, candies, nuts, cakes, oranges—nothing seems to come amiss, or to cease coming to the official man.

A young man who sent his girl a ten-dollar valentine last February, has been given the mitten. She told him the next time he called that her father said, and she agreed with him, that a young man who would squander ten dollars out of his small weekly salary for a valentine must have a soft spot in his cranium, and needed a guardian much worse than a wife. He didn't stay long.

A woman refused to pay a Boston photographer for a dozen pictures of herself, on the ground that they did not do justice to her face. He sued, and in the trial the woman and the photographs were submitted to the jury. She was dressed carefully, her hair was arranged in the most becoming manner, and she put on her most pleasant expression, yet the verdict was that the portraits were accurate.

At the recent Vegetarian Conference at Birmingham, England, one of the lady members illustrated her devotion to the cause by an account of her endeavors to eliminate from her clothing all products which involve the death of an animal. The chief difficulty she encountered was in getting vegetable boots, but a cobbler has finally succeeded in producing a suitable covering for the feet, which looks precisely like leather.

A man was once asked how he and his wife got along with so little friction in the family machinery. "Well," said he, "when we were first married we both wanted our own way. I wanted to sleep on linen sheets, my wife preferred cotton, and we couldn't agree. Finally we talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that it was unchristian to live in constant bickering; so we compromised on cotton, and have got along nicely ever since."

News Notes.

A scientist has discovered that sour milk is explosive.

Nine hundred more Russian Jews are on their way to America.

What we call pic-nics the Washington people term forest parties.

The rag-pickers of St. Louis have organized a society for mutual assistance.

There is a city out in Arkansas that has property valued at $168, and owes $213.10.

From January to June there were 3480 miles of new railway built in the United States.

Academy is from Academus, the owner of the grove where Plato taught philosophy, near Athens.

A Paris manufacturer claims to have found an excellent cigar-wrapper in eucalyptus leaves.

It is estimated that 24,000 Chinamen will land at Victoria, B. C., from Hong Kong before August 1.

A Virginia snake, killed the other day, copia ned 42 young snakes, aggregating 38 feet in length.

There are over 30,000,000 acres of land in Mississippi, with less than 5,000 000 acres under cultivation.

Ten of the Kickapoo Indians in Kansas were naturalized recently, and are now full American citizens.

The Religious Tract Society of London had an income of about $672,000 last year, the largest in its history.

A medical authority says alcohol has killed more people than yellow fever. But more people have taken it.

The "coffee taverns" established in English cities are said to have a perceptible effect in reducing intemperance.

Sunflowers will hold their own as corsage flowers for this summer. One man is said to have sold $500 worth of the seed.

One dry goods dealer in Cincinnati pays more taxes into the city treasury than the eighteen brewers and the two thousand saloon-keepers of the city.

Pearl fishing on the coast of Lower California is an important industry, no less than 1,000 divers being employed in bringing up the costly black pearl.

The town of Liberal, on the borders of Missouri, was settled by so-called "Liberals," and they sell lots only to such persons as renounce Christianity.

Terra-cotta, copper color, corn color, or cream-tinted camel's-hair, enlivened with cardinal, are favorite combinations in new French tea-gowns.

The National Mercantile Travelers' Association at Cincinnati resolved to drop the term of "drummer," and adopt the term of "commercial traveler."

A redwood tree nineteen feet in diameter was recently felled near Guerneville, Cal., and when it struck the earth it rattled the dishes in houses a mile away.

A Scotchwoman residing in Salem, Mass., not yet quite forty years of age, has borne sixteen children in sixteen years, in no case twins. Thirteen are still living.

In the construction of railroads at present going on in Texas, 20,000 men and 10,000 horses and mules are employed. About 2,000 miles of road are under contract.

Hanlan, the oarsman, is said to have made eighty thousand dollars by his last trip to England, showing that some people go abroad for pleasure, and others for profit.

It is proposed to organize an "Actors' Protective Society" in London, with the view of holding reckless or dishonest managers strictly to account for their engagements.

Mrs. Hayes, wife of the ex-President, made an eloquent speech at Fremont, O., a few days ago, in presenting a banner to the G. A. R. post of that place, in behalf of the ladies.

Mr. Garfield wrote a letter in October, 1880, recommending that the 12th day of October be made a national holiday, in honor of Christopher Columbus and the discovery of America.

A lunatic jumped out of a third-story window in Manchester, N. H., recently, and escaped without the slightest injury to himself or his shirt, which was the only garment he had on at the time.

Sets of carving-knives, forks and steels, with ivory handles elegantly mounted in silver, the whole enclosed in handsome blue velvet or other boxes, are among the presents at June weddings in New York.

Two white men have visited the mountain of burning coal on the Navajo reservation, Arizona. They are the first white men who have ever seen it. They say it seems to have been burning for several hundred years.

Ancient bric-a-brac is being manufactured and planted at the South. A bowl or dish was recently unearthed near Chattahoochee, Fla. In quality and color it resembles hard-burned brick, and on its bottom is inscribed, "De Soto, 1540."

"Knowledge" addresses these alarming words to the burlesque writers who make horrid puns, and their equally inculpated audience who enjoy them: "A tendency to make puns is regarded by many students of mental physiology as a sign of cerebral disease."

Change of Mind.

I declined to insert your advertisement of Hop Bitters last year, because I thought then they might not be promotive of the cause of Temperance, but find they are, and a very valuable medicine, myself and wife having been greatly benefited by them, and I take great pleasure in making them known.

REV. JOHN SEAMAN.
Editor Home Sentinel, Afton, N. Y.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

JESSE AND FRANK JAMES

One Illustrated Lives of the James Brothers is enlarged to 500 Pages with 70 Illustrations, and is complete including the Death and Burial of Jesse. We also illustrate the killing, the home, Jesse James after death, his wife, his two children born in outlawry, the Fords who made the capture, etc. also a full page engraving of Gov. Crittenden. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free. Outfits 50 cts. This is the only true history. Beware of smaller editions. One Elegant Illustrated Volume of 500 Pages. Sells only one. Best, Largest and Cheapest.

CINCINNATI PUB. CO., No. 175 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

New Publications.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York, have in press, for immediate publication, a new and cheap edition of "Wood Magic: a Fable," by Richard Jeffries, author of "Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life in a Southern Country," "The Amateur Poacher," "Green Fern Farm," "Hodge and His Master," "Round About a Great Estate," etc., etc. One volume, 12 mo., over 500 pages, extra cloth, price 75 cents. It is a most delightful book for summer reading.

"Iris" is a novel, by Mrs. Randolph, author of quite a number of fine stories. The scene is laid in England, and the characters and plot move there. It embraces the different social spheres, and gives many highly interesting glimpses of life. Altogether it is a very charming story, interesting in all details. It would not take an exalted place among the multitude of good books of the day, but will hold its own with any. A pleasant afternoon and "Iris" for company would make more than an ordinarily attractive combination. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price, 60 cents.

"Bimbi" is a book by the well-known authoress, Ouida, intended for children. It is dedicated to the late King Victor Emmanuel. The stories are as follows: The Hunter of Stone, The Ambitious Rose-tree, Moufflon, Lampblack, The Child of Urbino, In the Apple Country, Findelkind, Melengris Gallopavo, and the Little Earl. As might be expected, it is out of the lines of the conventional stories for young folks, but contains much in the way of spur to broader reading, and such general interest and value that the change is an improvement. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price, $1.25.

"Antinous" is a romance of ancient Rome, translated from the German of George Taylor, by Mary J. Spofford. Like the majority of works of its class, while treading its historical theme somewhat in the light of a thing of the imagination, the author is particular to copy history in all details where it is possible, and thus adds to the charm of the novel, the value and interest of more solid reading. The present subject is one of peculiar attractiveness, and it may be commended on many grounds. Nicely printed and bound. Price, $1.00. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

"Prince Hal, or the Adventures of a Rich Young Man," by Fanny Andrews, is a story that will number an admirer in everyone who reads it. It is full of life and action, told in a spirited way, with plenty of the necessary elements of excitement and humor. If we were to seek a good book for a summer day's reading, this would receive a very careful consideration. Lippincott & Co. Price 50 cents.

"Long Life, and How to Reach It" is the name of a health primer issued by Blackiston, Son & Co., which contains a great deal that is highly useful. The subject is treated in a simple way that makes its lessons practicable to all. Price, 30 cents.

"The Lord's Pursebearers," by Hesba Stretton. No writer of religious fiction stands higher in England, and there is not a Sunday-school library where some one of her volumes may not be found. She has the faculty of entertaining and instructing at the same time. In "The Lord's Pursebearers" the author draws a terrible picture of life among the vicious poor in London streets, and shows by what shifts the professional beggars and thieves of the great Babylon manage to live and thrive on the misplaced charity of the pitying well-to-do population. The story is one of intense interest, and the characters, especially those of old Isaac Chippendell, his granddaughter Joan, and little Lucky, are forcibly drawn. One can hardly believe that such places exist or that such deeds are perpetrated as are here described, but one who is familiar with London and its streets knows that they are no exaggerations. The volume is illustrated. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, $1.25.

"Tania's Peril; or, The Edge of an Abyss," by Henry Greville, deserves a prominent place among the masterpieces of literature. It is an unusually brilliant and enthralling tale of love, seasoned with caustic wit and a vein of pleasing and sparkling humor. Its gifted author has never surpassed it. The scene is laid in Russia, and the characters move in a high social sphere, though glimpses are given of the peasants and their superstitions. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.

MAGAZINES.

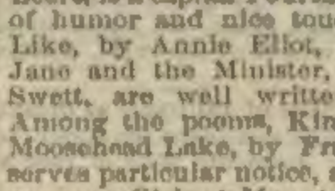
The July number of the *Eclectic Magazine* is at hand, and, as it begins a new volume, it offers a favorable time for commencing new subscriptions. The number is an excellent one. The table of contents is as follows: A Word About America, by Matthew Arnold; Charles Lamb and his Friends, by John Dennis; Across the Yellow Sea, The Sun as a Perpetual Machine, by R. A. Proctor; Wagner's "Nibelung" and the Siegfried Tale, by Karl Blind; Adrift, by May Probyn; The Lady Maud, a sea tale, by the author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor, etc.; James and John Stuart Mill: Traditional and Personal Memorials, by J. S. Stuart-Glennie; The Last King of Tahiti, by C. F. Gordon-Cumming; Oiling the Waves: a Safeguard in Tempest, by C. F. Gordon-Cumming; What is There Left for Me to Say? by Ethel de Fonblanque; Three Great Dictionaries, The Story of a Block of Coal, by A. H. Green; A Day at Margate, by Margaret Lonsdale; Thackeray as a Novelist, Elk-Hunting in Norway, by Clement Bunbury; Poor White Trash, Titles of Books, Good-Morrow and Farewell, Literary Notices, Foreign Literary Notes, Science and Art, and Miscellany. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5.00 per year; single copy, 45 cents; trial subscription for three months, $1.

In the *North American Review* for July, the leading article is a profound and sympathetic study of Emerson as a Poet, by Edwin P. Whipple. In Hydraulic Pressure in Wall Street, a writer who withholds his name but who manifestly is no novice, exposes many of the tricks and devices by means of which fictitious values are created, and the unwary lured daily to ruin. Desire Charnay contributes the eleventh article in the series on The Ruins of Central America. There are two papers on the civil service question; one, The Things Which Remain, by Gail Hamilton, the other, The Business of Office-Seeking, by Richard Grant White, who forcibly portrays the moral ills that come from the perennial struggle for place. Finally, Francis Marion Crawford, son of the eminent American sculptor, writes of False Taste in Art, and indicates certain directions in which art culture might be developed under the conditions of life existing in the United States. The Review is for sale by booksellers and newsdealers generally. The North American Review, New York.

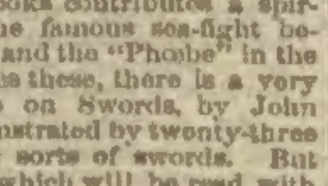
The July *Century* opens with a frontispiece portrait of Emerson from the bust by Daniel C. French. The illustrated papers include two of decided interest at this season: "The Evolution of the American Yacht, by S. G. W. Benjamin, and The Horse in Motion, by Col. George E. Waring, Jr., both fully illustrated, the latter with fourty-four cuts after Muybridge's photographs of running horses. The opening article is by Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, entitled Among the Tulinkits in Alaska. The conclusion of John Muir's Boe-Pastures of California is printed with illustrations by Fenn. Of the unillustrated material—the most prominent is the third and last part of Thomas Carlyle's Tour in Ireland. A Great Charity Reform, by E. V. Smalley, sketches the remarkable work of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. A Colorado Cavern, of Luray-like qualities is briefly described by Ernest Ingersoll. The fiction is especially readable this month, and poetry is contributed by H. C. Bunner, Annie R. Annan, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and others. The departments are also unusually full. The Century Co., New York.

The contents of *Lippincott's Magazine* for July are of a light and lively kind suitable for summer reading. Among them are Black Bass-Fishing in Sungahneetuk, by Rowland E. Robinson. An Afternoon in a French Hamlet, by Anna Bowman Blake. The Tiger of the Sea is the suggestive title of an article on sharks. In the Heart of the Alleghenies, by M. G. Van Rensselaer, is the first of two papers which, taking Cresson for a centre, treat of the scenery and early history of the surrounding country. Walks with Bryant, by Horatio Nelson Powers. A short illustrated article, by Ernest Ingersoll describes The Coal Mines of the State of Dade, and the system of convict labor in Georgia. In fiction Lippincott's is, as usual, especially strong. A new serial, with the attractive title of Fairy Gold, opens in a quiet but charming manner and promises well. Love and Fireworks, by Henry A. Beers, is a capital Fourth of July story, full of humor and nice touches. Like Cures Like, by Annie Eliot, and Miss Matilda Jane and the Minister, by Susan Hartley Swett, are well written and amusing. Among the poems, Kineo, the Legend of Moosehead Lake, by Frances L. Mace, deserves particular notice, and in the Gossip a paper on Girls at Mount Desert is pointed and timely.

St. Nicholas for July is an ideal Fourth of July number. In the first place, there is the amusing story by Sophie Swett of The Boy who Lost the Fourth of July; then an interesting account of An Early American Rebellion, which was led by Nathaniel Bacon against the Governor of Virginia in 1676; and Noah Brooks contributes a spirited narrative of the famous sea-fight between the "Essex" and the "Phoebe" in the war of 1812. Besides these, there is a very entertaining article on Swords, by John Lewees, which is illustrated by twenty-three pictures of various sorts of swords. But perhaps the article which will be read with the most wide-spread interest is that on Amateur Newspapers, by Harlan H. Ballard. Mrs. Dodge's story, Donald and Dorothy, is continued, with an amusing mock boat-race and an exciting adventure on the road. The number is completed with the usual departments, and a capital selection of short poems, clever stories, jingles, and pictures. The Letter-box contains a report of the Children's Garfield Fund. Century Co., New York.



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.



"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Gower, Ill., June 13, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

F. WELCH.

Ola, Iowa, June 14, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

H. HALE.

Warrensburgh, N. Y., June 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

C. C. WHITE.

Auburn, W. Va., June 14, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

L. J. BUSH.

Craton, Del., June 13, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

P. A. FIGAN.

Avon, Wis., June 12, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

W. G. WATSON.

Kane, Ill., June 14, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

R. HUDSPETH.

Milburn, N. J., June 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

H. E. BAILEY.

Bryan, Tex., June 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

L. G. WILLOUGH.

Beverly, Ill., June 11, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. KELLY.

Venice, O., June 14, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

C. F. BROWN.

Laurens, S. C., June 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. MOORE.

Springfield, O., June 13, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

S. F. BENNETT.

Willard, Mo., June 13, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

R. N. COLLETT.

Leo, Ind., June 14, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. L. NETTELHORST.

Little York, Ill., June 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

J. T. CROGIN.

Shabbona, Ill., June 14, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

J. DEACON.

Lexington, Ky., June 12, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

M. F. LANCASTER.

LOST CHORDS.

One autumn eve when soft the breeze
Came sweeping through the lattice wide
I sat me down at organ side
And poured my soul upon the keys.

It was, perhaps, by Heav'n's design
That from my half unconscious touch
There swept a passing chord of such
Sweet harmony, it seemed divine.

In one soft tone it seemed to say
The sweetest words I ever heard—
Then, like a truant forest bird,
It soared from me to Heav'n away.

Last eve I sat at window, whence
I sought the spot where erst had stood
A cord—a cord of hickory wood
Piled up against the backyard fence.

Four dollars cost me it that day—
Four dollars earned by sweat of brow—
Where was that cord of hickory now?
The thieves had gobbled it away!

Ah! who can ever count the cost
Of treasures which were once our own,
Yet now, like childhood dreams, are flown—
These cords that are forever lost!

—EUGENE T. FIELD.

Facetiæ.

Why is a locomotive like a beefsteak? Because it is good for nothing without it's tender.

"The parting gives me pain," as the man murmured when he had a troublesome tooth taken out.

A man who has just paid a big doctor's bill says he would like to see high heels go out of fashion.

When the schoolmaster threatened to tan Johnny, the urchin reminded him that "a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."

A fashion paper says corn meal rubbed in the hair will clean it. But nobody wants to take so much trouble to clean corn meal.

It takes a man seven years to raise an alligator, and then the reptile is more of a nuisance than he was when he first saw the light.

Times are so hard that it is said married men at summer resorts this season will have to smoke five-cent cigars and flirt with their own wives.

"Here's a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, sir; very sorry, sir; but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?" "Of course I can; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"

[From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*]

A LADY SAID

"Those Horrid Pimples! No, I Cannot Go. Please Present My Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happiest event of their lives. Then she would have instead of a disfigured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good-looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the cut of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attract everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freckles," "those horrid pimples," and other blemishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance, great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum,) Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in the world. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this and not some old remedy resuscitated on the success of Dr. Benson's and now advertised as the "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one,—it bears the Doctor's picture and is for sale by all druggists. $1 per package.

A Sensation

HAS OFTEN BEEN MADE

by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Paralysis and Melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free.—Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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When heart and brain languish and the majesty of perfect human nature is conquered by a fickle temper and tendency to sorrow, the nerves are faulty. Give sympathy to the sufferer and teach him the virtues of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

Young man, look not upon the ice cream when it is red, or even chocolate color, for at last it biteth like an adder and stingeth a hole in your pocketbook.

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The business of Beatty's Organ Factory at Washington, New Jersey, is assuming colossal proportions. He is making now about 200 27-Stop, Beethoven Organs, each month, and the demand is constantly increasing. A marvelous tribute to the untiring energy of this enterprising man; the foremost citizen of New Jersey.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 23 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Where all other remedies fail even to benefit. Because you have been victimized by numerous quacks do not despair of now receiving a rapid and permanent cure. DR. LASCELLE, the great English specialist on this distressing disease, is acknowledged to be the only physician in the world whose treatment effects positive and radical cures. After repeated solicitations from the medical fraternity of America, the Doctor has consented to give the Epileptic sufferers of the country the benefit of his celebrated remedy. *It costs you nothing to try it, and it will surely cure you,* as a sample will be sent free, prepaid, to any sufferer who sends his name and address to Sloeum & Co., Sole Agents, 4 Cedar St., New York.

DIKE'S BEARD ELIXIR Forces luxuriant Mustaches, Whiskers, or hair on bald heads in 20 to 30 days. Both young and old can grow everybody. 2 to 3 Flags from the start. Will promote or darken the hair. Will promote or darken the hair. Will promote or darken the hair

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FASHION at the present moment is most complaisant, styles and colors are as numerous in toilettes as in flowers, and the question what hat or toilette should be worn is quite superfluous, and can be answered in a very agreeable manner, "Anything that suits you."

The simplest and the most extravagant chapeaux are worn, as any shape is in mode if it suits the wearer, and shows up to advantage the shape of the face and complexion.

For the same reason the styles of dresses have never been so varied as now; side by side we see costumes with large or small paniers, puffed, draped, gauged, or with the Anne of Austria corsage, with a long wasp-like waist; or again, with the Louis XIV. coat-corsage, the Duchesse de Burgoyne, Sendery, Florian, or with the Jean-Jacques redingote, the Polignac, or Directoire.

Polonaises fitting the figure tightly are also worn, fastened with brandenburgs and with a small upright collar edged with a batiste ruche or pleating, fastened with a brooch representing a horse-shoe in gold, studded with rubies, sapphires, diamonds, or pearls.

There is the same laxity with regard to materials, the fabrics most opposite in texture, colors, and design are combined in one toilette, while on the other hand elegant, stylish costumes are made of one plain material only; velvet and satin, cashmere and moire, surah merveilleux with Indian foulards, broche or glace, with spots in relief, are combined, figured or plain.

A lady of taste can combine two skirts of very different dresses into another skirt or costume eked out with some suitable material, and can thus make a dressy toilette with articles that another lady, with little taste and no invention, would have laid aside as useless, even if her income did not allow great personal expenditure. Of course perfect taste is requisite, for naturally there are colors and materials which would look ridiculous and ungraceful if combined together.

Plain skirts certainly carry off the palm in point of numbers, made of the richest materials—French moire, broche, figured or Pekin satin, velvet with stripes of a hundred colors, and Lyons damask flowered with splendid bouquets of pinks in all shades, king's or tea-roses, or with queen's roses and white lilac, large yellow roses, violet pansies, wall flowers of three velvet shades, gold, purple, and brown, or flowered mixed garden or field flowers on ecru, lavender, lapis-blue, havana, amethyst, myrtle-green, carmelite, and black backgrounds.

With these skirts a coat corsage of velvet gauze is worn matching the brocade or Lyons damask, trimmed with revers of satin of the same shade on the sleeves and neck, a large full ruche of the same satin trimming the edge of the skirt.

Behind there are three Dubarry puffs of satin, very inflated, and raised to join a tournure, because now tournures complete the paniers. To carry this dress well an under tournure is indispensable.

Plain and fancy woolens are as numerous as the silken fabrics, the large Scotch plaids being specially seen.

These last are only worn by the rich, who afford to buy a dress which will only reign a few weeks, as they rose into favor with the spring, and will vanish as the summer advances.

Indian cashmere and Hindoo vigogne, in all colors, are on the whole the favorite fabrics, fashion and their own beauty having contributed to this end, and they can be bought of unusual quality and cheapness.

These fabrics, in myrtle-green, olive-green, moss-green, red violet, scabious-velvet, peacock-blue, mercury-blue, lapis-blue, mosaic-blue, navy-blue, pale-blue, seal-brown, ficelle, carmelite, golden-pheasant, etc., make lovely visiting toilettes, mixed with duchesse satin, surah merveilleux, or French moire.

The new materials for spring and summer are unusually beautiful this season. In the large broche patterns the ground is satin and the flowers moire, or vice versa. These are principally used for trains of dresses, and can be had in white, black, exquisite shades of lilac, in dark as well as in silver grey.

There is also broche velvet on grenadine, for mantles and draperies of skirts, either in alternate stripes of grenadine and broche, or flowered all over.

Broche grenadine lace in the piece, and broche Sicilienne, are also used for mantles on which both jet and lace play a most prominent part.

A costume intended for evening wear had the entire skirt of plain black satin covered with loops of small beads placed close together; the narrow plaited train was of satin; the pointed bodice cut in three points in front, and the outer half of the sleeve of jetted lace.

Another costume of satin and rich brocade had the side revers of embroidered jet on lace, the train of brocade, paniers of satin, and the pointed bodice edged with lace. The sleeves had puffs at the top drawn through stiff bands of jet beads, and the large collar was of jetted lace.

A new shade of slate-grey gross-grain was arranged with the revers of chine silk of pale grey on an almost white ground, with cascade of soft white lace, intermixed with loops of narrow satin of all the shades, and steel beads of two shades.

The pointed bodice at the back lay on numerous loops of wider ribbon falling on to the train, and round the edge of the skirt was a plaited ruche, ornamented at intervals with jet.

A morning costume of cream embroidery was arranged with a short walking train of black moire, and the front with black velvet, over which opened the embroidery in deep points from throat downwards. At the back a bow of black velvet looped up the embroidery over the train.

For simpler dresses there are brocade and chine satines, flowered prints, and Japanese sateens. The grounds are black, grey, or white, with shaded flowers on them. Costumes of dark grey cambric over a double-plaited skirt of a paler shade, trimmed with lace and large fancy steel or oxydised buttons are also made.

The small pointed bodices will continue long in favor we venture to predict, for the gathered upper skirt forms a sort of second basque that much enhances the grace of a figure, and has a tendency also to lessen its size.

Besides the large habit decollete, there is nothing so much worn for a dinner or evening dress as the bodice with sharp points, varying in size according either to the fancy or figure of the wearer.

Neutral colors are much worn, the style generally adopted for these being that of points for the front of the corsage, and square coat-shaped ends at the back which are sometimes attached to the skirt, and form a series of puffs falling as it were from under the basque.

In the way of sleeves, a revival will be again attempted for silks, surah, and gauze, of the puffed demi-gigo shape, with either a single or double frill at the edge, coming from under which is the lace or other pleating.

The short and tight-fitting sleeve, over which the mousquetaire glove is worn, has now a trimming made for it which can be removed at pleasure, thus taking off its former plainness when worn indoors.

All the sleeves for dresses intended exclusively for house wear have still either the deep trimming of broche velvet, or the transparent lace embroidery.

Plastron vests are also being made in lace all of one piece, the transparency sometimes being lined with a color for woolen dresses; and for thinner materials, Irish point or guipure, application, or old French lace, and even English embroidery are used. There may almost be said to be a rage of the present time for English embroidery, especially for children's wear, very pretty collars and chemisettes being made in one of it.

A very becoming costume for a young lady I saw made of dust-colored French cashmere. The plain skirt had the now fashionable thick ruche at the edge, made of the same stuff, and lined with marine blue. The long redingote of the same was buttoned about half way down the skirt, and was laced with cord and frogs down the opening at the back.

The edge of this redingote and the fronts were embroidered with wool. This stylish little costume, with its garland of wool flowers, forms a contrast to the evening dresses so profusely ornamented with floral trimmings, but both are what are termed "characteristic."

Fireside Chat.

BEAUTY—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

THAT long hair is a glory to a woman is an apostolic assertion the truth of which every daughter of Eve willingly allows; and so long as she does not give way to inordinate vanity, she is perfectly justified in making her tresses as ornamental as she possibly can.

The first step in this direction is to produce the gloss and softness so distinctive of hair that is properly attended to and cared for, and it can only be given by thorough and frequent brushing.

Thick, strong, vigorous hair is usually coarse, and requires a stiff brush with long bristles, which should be diligently used for at least half an hour night and morning. The pattern young lady of half century ago was made, in a recent popular novel, to tell her youthful relatives of the present generation that the golden rule was to part the hair down the middle, back and front, and apply the brush twenty-five times on each side on six mornings of the week, and fifty times on Sundays! And it was not a bad regulation, though it might fall short of the prescribed half hour.

It is interesting to observe that no machinery has been invented which can supersede the action of the human hand in the work of setting bristles, and one firm here employs a large staff of girls and women in this particular department. Few ateliers are so roomy, airy, and comfortable as those in which they work, and it is really skilled labor, requiring considerable practice, as well as care and pains.

But brushing is not the only thing to be considered with regard to the hair, any more than rubbing with a dry towel is all sufficient for the cleansing of any part of the body.

The skin of the head needs moistening and washing, preparations for the purpose, among which the well known bay rum, extract of Violettes des Bois, quinine and cantharides, are the most remarkable. The best way of using them is from the sprinkler bottles, in which they may be bought, as well as in ordinary ones.

The violet extract has a reputation for the cure of headaches that has been handed down from antiquity, as Pliny quotes the fact that wreaths or garlands of violets placed on the brow was considered, in his day, a specific for that uncomfortable and dispiriting complaint.

Extract of rosemary is an old and popular hair wash, and so is honey-water, while a preparation made from magnolia blossoms is supposed to produce great luxuriance of growth. Although grey hair is extremely becoming to persons in advancing years, there are sometimes cases in which quite young people find themselves the owners of white locks at twenty years of age, and there are instances in which both men and women find it advantageous to their business or profession to preserve youthful appearance as long as possible.

To all who are so situated, and desire to restore their too early whitening hair to its original color, the Agua Amarella, by strenuous efforts, has been brought to the highest degree of perfection.

It is quite free from the dangerous and disagreeable properties found in hair dyes, and its effect are most striking, as it not only restores the pristine shade, but prevents hair that is not yet grey from becoming so, and checks baldness. It is, moreover, very easily applied and is deservedly esteemed and appreciated in all parts of the world.

We have received so many pleasant and appreciative letters written after reading these articles on "Beauty" we can only reply by saying that we hope to continue the subject from time to time.

NEEDLEWORK.

Mary S.—Lovely hand-screens can be embroidered on Java canvas with bouquets of flowers worked in colored silks, surrounded with a wreath or fancy design and mounted on light bamboo cane frames in an octagon shape lined with satinette bordered with netted silk fringe, and the handle ornamented with a silk tassel to match.

Precosa.—You have not sufficient pieces of silk to make the whole of a patchwork counterpane, but they can nevertheless be utilized for this purpose. Make the foundation of the counterpane of linen, or any plain material that is not too heavy. On one side of this make a trellis-work of bands of Turkey twill or sateen from three to four inches wide, leaving a space the same width between the bands, which will give you a series of diamond-shaped spaces all over the counterpane to be filled in with patchwork diamonds, each formed of four smaller colors carefully for these, contrasting and blending the pieces to the best advantage. The bands can be stitched on by machine, and, if you like it, covered with lace; for the edge have a band of plain material and lace, this band can be straight or cut in deep scallops with a patchwork diamond in the centre of each scallop. Do not make your patchwork too patchy, a little uniformity is not at all out of place even in this most irregular kind of work.

Maudie.—The carriage rug should be made of some durable and weather-proof material, such as serge or cloth; some of the thicked ribbed or diagonal serges answer well. Round the edge you could work a border in ordinary crewel work, or in cross-stitch over canvas, drawing away the threads of the canvas afterwards. Use wool only for this work, either single Berlin wool or double crewels. You can buy little books or cards with suitable borders, and can enlarge them quite enough for your purpose by working over coarse canvas.

Susie.—Children's white dresses can be very prettily ornamented with bands of cross-stitch embroidery worked on a kind of canvas braid, about an inch and a half wide, made especially for the purpose. The back and front are trimmed with bands of this work, which is also used for edging the square-cut neck and sleeves, and for bordering the flounce. Any small pattern can be worked in gay or subdued colors with washing silk, and the sash, if there is one, should be of surah, matching the most prominent color in the embroidery.

THE Belgian Government is about to adopt pulverized meat for an army ration. One pound of the article is said to be equal in nutritive power to six pounds of fresh beef.

Correspondence.

J. T., (Roane, Tenn.)—The ring is placed on the first finger of the left hand.

O. B. C., (Pueblo, Col.)—Just as yet there are no others published in the same style. They may be in time.

H. S. B., (Carroll, Ill.)—Write to the Women's Silk Culture Association, Chestnut and Juniper streets, this city.

COMPLEXION, (New York.)—Most peogists keep it in stock, but whether or not you can get it without a doctor's order we cannot say.

R. B. N., Washington, D. C.)—When the visiting card is so turned down it means that it was left in person by the one whose name it bears.

DR. A. B., (Newbern, N.C.)—There is no such a thing to be had. If you want to find gold and silver, read the mining history of California and other places where the metals are found.

KENNETT, (Augusta, Me.)—Bayard Taylor's "Travels Afoot," were first written for the POST, and afterwards republished in book form. 2. He died in Germany, but is interred in this country.

O. O. G., (Chula, Va.)—Napoleon was first banished to the Island of Elba. Escaping thence he began the campaign which ended in Waterloo. He was then sent to St. Helena, where he died.

SUB, (Santa Rosa.)—We do not think the Catholic Church allows a divorce, as generally understood, under any circumstances. Where one of the parties was not baptised, would hardly make any difference.

DOUBTER, (New Jersey.)—We have no opinions on the subject that we care to publish here. We do not know the address of any. Perhaps the advertising columns of the daily papers of this city would give the desired information.

STELLA, (Prentice, Ill.)—We do not know the origin of the picture. There is an episode of Una and the Lion in Spencer's poem "The Fairie Queen," but whether the picture alluded to it or not we are not aware. 2. For the picture of Garfield address Hoover & Co., 628 Arch street, this city.

DISTILLER, (Long Eddy, N. Y.)—Doubtless by writing to the *Scientific American*, New York, you could ascertain where to get treatises on the subjects spoken of. For that matter, any prominent publishing house, like Appleton's, of New York, or Lippincott's, this city, should be able to procure them for you. 2. Your subscription expires August 12.

READER.—Malibran and Grisi, among the women; Mario and Labiache among the men. It is only within the last century or so that the names of noted singers have become historical. 2. "The Lives of the Poets" may be found in almost any good library, or purchase at the leading bookstores. 3. We think the lines are by Tennyson, but cannot recall the poem. 4. We are in no need of anything of the kind just at present.

C. L. M., (Fort Dodge, Iowa.)—We think that a certain amount of contrast, mentally and physically, is productive of the best results in marriage. This applies not to condition of health, but large and small, light and dark, stout and slim, etc. Where the minds run directly in the same channel, there may be happiness, but it will probably be of a monotonous kind. An occasional storm to vary the uninterrupted sunshine, sometimes proves more than agreeable. We do not care to have it taken as an axiom, but would be as willing to take changes for marital bliss with our opposite, as with our exact counterpart.

C. D. N., (Emmettsburg, Va.)—The substance commonly, but erroneously, called isinglass, is mica. It is a transparent mineral, capable of being split into very fine plates, and is used mostly for stove doors, lanterns, reflectors, etc., and in some places as a substitute for window glass, and hence also called Muscovy glass. It is very generally distributed throughout the world, but the largest sheets or plates of it are found in Siberia, Sweden and Norway, where they have been obtained three feet in width. The principal supply in this country is obtained in different parts of New Hampshire and North Carolina, where some large pieces have been found.

ROSSO, (Alamance, N. C.)—"A few evening since I attended a dancing party, where I met a young lady with whom I am slightly acquainted. Having made some ungrammatical remarks, which at the time I was entirely unaware of, she criticized me quite severely in the presence of other young ladies, and made sport of the manner in which I conversed. I have not had the opportunity of gaining an education as others have who have been more fortunately situated. Please tell me if it was proper and ladylike for her to behave as she did?" The young lady's conduct was improper and inexcusable. It is probable that she acted thoughtlessly, and not with an intention to violate the decent usages of society.

W. E. S., (Decatur, Ind.)—It is believed by many that the hair continues to grow after death, and cases have been cited to prove the fact. Without wishing to enter into a controversy on the subject, it is sufficient to say that no authenticated case has ever come to the notice of medical men who have made the subject a specialty. One authority, after citing two cases, in which, on opening the coffins several years after the parties were buried, the hair was said to have grown to a marvellous length, says—"A sufficient answer to these wild statements is afforded in the physiological fact that all vital action in the body necessarily ceases with life, and therefore the post-mortem growth of the hair, at least through the regular mode of production, must be considered as an impossibility."

M. P., (Hartford, Conn.)—Cold hands and feet proceed from various causes. Of course it is primarily the effect of defective circulation of the blood. But this may be caused either by organic or functional derangement of the action of the heart. If from organic disease, none but an intelligent physician ought to prescribe for you. If from functional derangement, you must endeavor to discover the cause. If your digestion is not good, that must be attended to. The functions of nature must be closely watched, and no derangement of the bowels, liver, or kidneys, or any vital organ, be permitted to go neglected. Presuming that there is no organic disease, we may advise in general terms that the diet be good, nutritious, and easily digested, and partaken of in moderate quantity. Regular exercise in the open air, moderate bathing, and friction with a rough crash or Turkish bath towel are recommended—in fact, they are essential to the health of all. For the immediate relief of cold hands and feet, which are only the symptoms of other disturbances, immerse the feet and hands in cold water for just one minute, take them out, dry, and rub them briskly with a rough towel